The Nation.

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The Week.

Senator Lodge's speech in favor of reciprocity before the Middlesex Club on Saturday has given the country a surprise—to us an agreeable one. It is not that Mr. Lodge has been heretofore hostile to reciprocity *per se*—he says at the beginning of his remarks that he has always been in favor of reciprocity as a policy; but he has not seemed to be in favor of it as a practice. At all events, he did not seem to be in favor of it in a practical way at the last session of Congress. Perhaps the erroneous impression as to his position was derived from looking too closely at the treaty with France, and too little at his action in other treaties. However that may have been, the most common belief, even in his own State, was that he would be an obstacle in the way of the ratification of any treaty with France, or with any other country which admitted goods at reduced rates of duty if any considerable interest, especially any Massachusetts interest, was opposed to it. In other words, it was generally assumed that he would construe all doubtful and debatable points against reciprocity. Yet the tone of his speech seems to be quite the contrary of this view. He alludes to the objections advanced by the knit-goods manufacturers and others in Massachusetts to the French treaty, and says that "they may be right or they may be wrong," and that Congress will, no doubt, give careful attention to the question whether the wages of workingmen in those trades will be unfavorably affected by the treaty. His argument in a general way runs in favor of ratification and in favor of freer trade with foreign countries. He says that he agrees fully with all that the late President McKinley said in his last speech at Buffalo on this subject. Probably the accession of Theodore Roosevelt as Mr. McKinley's successor in office has had even greater influence in determining Senator Lodge's course than any speeches of Mr. McKinley.

A new Daniel has appeared in the person of Representative Grosvenor of Ohio, who feels inspired by the Republican victory in his State to lay down the immutable tariff policy of the future. "There is no more chance," declares the ingenuous Grosvenor, "that the Republicans in Congress will attempt a revision of the tariff than that they will revise the Ten Commandments." Mr. Grosvenor points out that the Ohio campaign was conducted "squarely on the proposal to change the existing tariff law." The Democrats were defeated, the Ohio oracle has spoken, and "the lesson to be derived from the results is apparent." Certainly it would need a prophet or the son of a prophet to draw such conclusions from the Ohio election. The issue of the campaign was the question of endorsing or disapproving the McKinley tariff policy. Apparently Mr. Grosvenor thinks it was the Congressman of ten years ago that was vindicated, and not the President who could say at Buffalo: "The period of exclusiveness is past. Reciprocity treaties are in harmony with the spirit of the times. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to encourage and protect our industries at home, why should they not be employed to extend and protect our markets abroad?" It was unfortunate, too, that the new interpretation of the Ohio election should have been sent out at the same time with an expression of opinion on the same subject from Senator Foster of Washington. While the latter was certain that there would be no "tariff tinkering," he was "not so sanguine" concerning reciprocity. Perhaps it was only by accident that he referred to a recent conversation with the President on tariff questions.

The latest shift of the "let-the-tariff-alone" faction in the Republican party is to suggest that all questions of revision of duties, with all reciprocity arrangements, be turned over to a Commission, which is to report to Congress in 1902 or 1903. If it never reports, so much the better in the thought of its promoters, since they undoubtedly intend their plan as a kind of slow murder for the whole matter. Royal commissions and Congressional committees have, in their time, done famous work as midnight stranglers of projects which Parliament and Congress did not really wish to take up, but which they dared not openly slaughter. At the same time, even a tariff commission has its dangers for the monopolists. It will have to grant hearings and to bring out facts. The result may be to kindle, instead of to smother, popular agitation, and even to convert the commission itself, as the Tariff Commission of 1882 was converted. That body was chosen as a band of trustworthy protectionists, yet was compelled by the testimony presented to it to recommend a reduction of the tariff by an average of 20 per cent. ad valorem.

A dastardly attack on the memory of President McKinley is made in the *Bulletin* of the American Iron and Steel Association. It deliberately asserts that he made his reciprocity policy "more radical than that of the Republican National Convention of 1900"; that he "conspicuously aided the free-traders"; that he "proposed a revision of the Dingley tariff," forgetting that protection "needed his continued help to strengthen it with the young men of the country, if not with their elders." It is all very well for the *Bulletin* to say that it is "painful" for it to have to expose Mr. McKinley's recreancy to protection, but the question is whether its talk is not essentially anarchistic. President Roosevelt has distinctly undertaken to carry out his predecessor's tariff policy, and is not an attack upon that an attack upon him? According to the doctrine laid down immediately after the President's assassination, the *Bulletin* should be suppressed and its editor put in jail. He merely provokes us to laughter, but how does he know that he is not provoking some protected ironmaster to murder?

The report just issued by Mr. Chamberlain, the Commissioner of Navigation, shows him an adept in the art of making a silk purse out of a sow's ear. Mr. Chamberlain points out that the past fiscal year has been "the third successive year of notable prosperity and growth in American shipping," and that even greater development may be expected. Our total tonnage is now practically equivalent to that registered in 1861. One would think that these facts ought to be conclusive proof that Government aid to an industry already prosperous is not necessary. The Commissioner, however, seems to think otherwise, for he regards a large part of the growth in shipbuilding as "presumably resting on anticipated legislation by Congress." American investors must have become suddenly trustful if they could interpret the attitude of Congress at its last session as justifying them in building ships with the expectation of a bounty. Mr. Chamberlain complains that the American fleet is still much smaller than that of many other nations, and he seems to regard it as a special source of regret that much of the increase in tonnage has taken place on the Great Lakes, rather than on the ocean. His figures, however, themselves furnish ample reply to his specious arguments. The absurdity of passing any subsidy bill was never more clearly demonstrated than by this report.

The annual report of the Commissioner of Pensions reveals anew a discreditable state of things which the Commissioner himself is powerless to remedy. The pension list has increased by 4,206 names to a total of 997,735, the greatest in the history of the Bureau. It is thirty-five years since the close of the civil

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war, and yet last year 39,674 new civil-war pensions were granted. On account of the Mexican war, pensions are paid to 8,109 widows, and 7,568 "survivors" are on the pension list. With this latter figure it is interesting to compare the statement in the *Army and Navy Journal* for October 26 that "of the 110,000 American soldiers who participated in the Mexican war, only about 5,000 are now living." Under the present law, Commissioner Evans is almost powerless to prevent the wrongful granting of pensions. Such a minimum of reform as to make widows' pensions run from the date of application, not of the husband's death, and the right of disciplining rascally pension attorneys, Congress should grant him immediately. It is a standing disgrace to us that, as things now are, it is practically impossible to tell fair claims from fraudulent.

Senator Hanna, in an interview last Saturday, gave a very interesting moral diagnosis of the case of President Roosevelt. At first blush it might seem as though the difference in temperament between the two men was too great to permit of a mutual understanding. Simon Magus, who represented commercialism in religion, it will be remembered, once undertook to enlist St. Paul in the quest of the main chance, and got only the retort that his money and presumably his doctrine might perish with him. Evidently Mr. Hanna, whatever Mr. Roosevelt's personal inclination may have been, got a softer response to his effort to guide the President in the paths of Republican peace and profit. "He is doing the best any man could do," says the Senator. "He is honest, sincere, and determined to do that which will be for the greatest good of his country. He, *like myself*, places his country before anything or anybody." Mr. Roosevelt's patriotism, though enthusiastically recognized, has lacked this final eulogy and certification, that it is the same as Hanna's or "equally as good." It is painful, however, to observe that Senator Hanna did not leave his laudation of the President right there, but proceeded to retract somewhat. "It would not be fair," he felt, "to compare him to McKinley"—Mr. Hanna was unwilling to subject Mr. Roosevelt to that supreme test of conformity to the Hannaesque standard. This might have passed, but when Mr. Hanna admitted that there would probably be some disappointment over the President's "distribution of patronage," he shattered the comparison he himself had set up; for it is plain that if the President's patriotism is identical with Hanna's, its works will be very different from his.

President Roosevelt has served notice that Federal officials must observe the Civil-Service Law or suffer punishment by removing the Collector of Customs at El Paso, Texas. This official was charged with having received contributions for partisan purposes, and with having caused questions in an impending competitive examination to be supplied to favored applicants. The charges were investigated by the Civil-Service Commission and found to be substantiated. As soon as Mr. Roosevelt could give the matter attention, he took it up, and, having satisfied himself of the Collector's wrongdoing, applied the penalty by depriving him of his office. The action not only is important in itself, but also will serve as an impressive warning to other officials—and there are not a few of them—who have been "monkeying with the law."

The Democratic victory in Virginia, where Montague was elected Governor by about 25,000 majority, and his party will control both branches of the Legislature by an overwhelming vote, will put to rest some very troublesome doubts. The work of the Constitutional Convention has all along been hampered by the fear of what might happen in the November contest, and the reports of many committees have been held back pending the close of the campaign. Had the Republicans gained any ground, it might have been expected that they could at least have brought a moral pressure to bear in modifying the action of the Convention, but their utter rout leaves that body free to act its pleasure, and will probably be taken as justifying the proclamation of the Constitution, in place of its submission to the electorate. Of the two suffrage provisions now before the Convention, that supported by the majority of the Suffrage Committee gives far more latitude in excluding prospective voters than does the minority report, and it will beyond question be accepted. With this provision adopted by the Convention and the new Constitution proclaimed, the poor white may for the most part retain his ballot, but the negro will as a rule be disfranchised. That this result is expected may be gathered from the report that the negroes last week very generally refrained from voting. This inaction does not indicate, as some dispatches have it, a lack of interest in the outcome, but rather the knowledge that their vote was not likely to be counted. One good result of the Democratic victory will be the speedy termination of the work of the Constitutional Convention.

While it is to be regretted that Philadelphia could not have matched New York in a triumph over corrupt politics, neither the result in that city nor in the State should be discouraging to the reform forces. Both in the city and in the State the machine was evidently too strongly intrenched to be routed in the first assault, but there is encouraging evidence that it has been weakened. Throughout the State the Republican machine majorities have been greatly reduced, and there is reason to believe that in Philadelphia the majority for the machine candidate for District Attorney is the result of police-protected fraud at the polls, rather than the expression of the honest vote of the citizens. That city is the stronghold of the Quay machine, and to overthrow it there will be the first step towards its overthrow in the State. Good preliminary work to that end has been done.

That Tammany can not only be beaten, but kept beaten, is demonstrated by comparing the results of the elections four years ago and this year in the Twentieth Assembly District, which is a tenement-house district on the East Side, and used to be a Tammany stronghold:

		Anti-Tam'y.		
		Low.....	1,502	
		Tracy.....	1,147	
Tammany.				Maj'ty
1897 Van Wyck.....	4,772	Total.....	2,649	2,123
1901 Shepard.....	4,451	Low.....	3,733	718

Here we have a district in which Tammany four years ago polled 2,123 more votes than Low and Tracy together, while this year, on a larger poll, the Tammany lead on the Mayoralty is reduced to only 718. Nor is this all, or the best. For District Attorney more than 200 Democrats who accepted Shepard repudiated Unger, and nearly all of them supported Jerome, who received 3,923 ballots, against 4,248 for the Tammany nominee, reducing the Tammany lead to 325; while Tammany was beaten for the office of Alderman, polling only 3,991 votes for the President of the present Board, running for reëlection, against 4,168 for the Fusion nominee.

The realization on the part of the press, of a number of clergymen, and of the most prominent social workers in the city that there must be a revision of the existing liquor laws and an abolition of the Raines-law hotels, is the most gratifying development since the election. We believe that many of the newly chosen Assemblymen from this city will also be found to favor a Sunday opening. All who have in any way looked into this question feel that no other achievement could do more to insure a decent police force and permanent good government than the taking of the saloon out of politics. As long as the present law remains on the books, the moral welfare of the community is doubly menaced, since to the Raines-law hotels must be laid a large part of the menacing growth of the social evil under Tammany rule. That there will be opposition from country legislators to any general Sunday-opening law is to be expected, and it may, indeed, be war-

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ranted by social conditions in the rural communities of the State. But with a practically united press, and such men as Messrs. Charles Stewart Smith, J. P. Faure, W. H. Baldwin, jr., and Drs. Parkhurst and Rainsford ready to back Justice Jerome up in his efforts to bring about a change in the law, a local-option provision should not be beyond reach, under which New York city might vote on the question of opening the saloons on Sunday. The subject is one which demands a calm consideration of the issues involved, and particularly a proper regard for the convictions, and even prejudices, of all concerned. There are, however, some signs of heat in the local discussion of it.

The adoption of the Marconi system of wireless telegraphy by the London Lloyds can hardly fail to prove the beginning of a change which will eventually revolutionize seafaring conditions. Steamships may have as ready communication with shore stations and other ships within a radius of a hundred miles as though they were connected with an electric wire. Sailing vessels, while their power to communicate would be limited by their small supply of electricity, would, if fitted with the Marconi system, be able to report a disaster to all similarly equipped vessels within a like radius. The universal introduction of the wireless telegraph on ships—a consummation towards which the marine insurance companies, captains, and shippers will undoubtedly press urgently—should greatly reduce the number of casualties at sea. Even in the case of sudden and complete disaster, it would usually be possible for a sinking ship to report her latitude and longitude and the intended courses of her boats. The commercial possibilities which the general introduction of wireless telegraphy on ships opens up need not be dwelt upon. One need only imagine ship bound to ship on the ocean as town is to town on land by the telephone, to perceive the probable significance of this commercial experiment. In a more imaginative aspect, the idea of an ocean over which a thousand messages vibrate is not without its poetical suggestiveness.

An unexpected and gratifying result of American industrial competition in Europe is the French-American school of industry which the Socialist Minister of Commerce proposes to found in this country. M. Millerand, establishing a headquarters for the school at Philadelphia or Chicago, will seek the coöperation of our Government and of our great manufacturing companies. The movement is the highest kind of tribute, not only to the "audacity, inventive genius, and marvellous organization" of our great industries, but also, indirectly, to those technical schools which early realized that there was room for a distinct educational organization to mediate between pure science and rule-of-thumb. The plan is even more gratifying because it is in implied protest against the exaggerated proclamations of industrial war which amateur economists now particularly affect. The French Government evidently does not regard our skill and our recognized superiority in certain lines as a menace to its own industrial prosperity, but assumes that we are willing to share some of our special knowledge and accumulated advantages. Such an attitude shows a prevision of that future comity of nations which we have always held that a normal industrial competition should promote rather than imperil.

The prompt and complete settlement of the Franco-Turkish dispute has lent little comfort to the sensation-mongers. It has confirmed the confidence of those who believed that the naval demonstration of Admiral Caillard was made with the full knowledge and advisement of all the chancelleries. France comes out of the matter with full satisfaction of all her claims for damages, and, beyond the original stipulations, a general permission for the present schools, monastic establishments, and hospitals under the charge of France to make for five months such alterations and extensions as they desire—a facility which has formerly been granted only with the utmost reluctance and delay. The successful handling of the whole affair must inevitably reflect credit upon the Waldeck-Rousseau Ministry, for the call to arms is ever popular. The Ministry has won, besides, the more genuine prestige of finally shattering the superstition that the Ottoman Empire is exempt from the penalty of its chronic malfeasance. That this changed attitude of the Powers is fully recognized by the Porte, is indicated by the news that, hard upon the French settlement, long-standing Austrian claims against Turkey have been satisfactorily adjusted.

A new argument against the Continental sugar-bounties has been advanced by a Dutch writer. He complains bitterly that they are helping England pay the cost of the Boer war. This leaves France and Germany and Belgium and Holland, countries where the South African war is most vehemently denounced, in the lamentable position of taxing themselves to pay the interest on the British war debt. The reasoning is not without force. In 1890, for example, France and Germany paid on sugar exported to England bounties amounting to $18,000,000. That sum was then a clear present to the British consumer. As Professor Sumner used to put it, other nations had the sugar industry, but England had the sugar. Since the war tax on sugar was laid, however, a part of the bounty goes directly into the British exchequer. The British consumer is, of course, worse off by so much, but imagine the feelings of Continental England-haters when told that they are, in effect, taxing themselves to aid in putting down the Boers. They will think it a fresh evidence of Albion's perfidious slyness. What they ought to think is, of course, that it is a convincing proof of their own stupidity. It is possible that this new phase of the matter may open their eyes at last, and that the forthcoming Congress at Brussels to consider the abolition of sugar bounties may decide to end the whole system.

The death of Li Hung Chang emphasizes the uncertainties of the Chinese situation, while it does not essentially alter the present condition of things. For some years past he had been transferred from the pivotal province of Chi-li to a southern governorship, and was called in only to settle complications in the making of which he had had no part. It was thus that his influence was preponderant in the Japanese settlement and in the negotiations with the European Concert now recently completed. It was this mediatorial office which Li Hung Chang exercised from the first. During the time when his association with Gordon and Ward, in the Taiping rebellion, was raising him from a minor position in the civil service to a generalcy, he came to know the Western temperament, and to foresee that mixture of peril and of advantage for China which lay in her inevitable contact with Western civilization. It was his part to guard his people against aggression, and even more to guard them against the excessive indulgence of their own anti-foreign prejudices. He was naturally hampered in this effort, and frequently, when anti-foreign influences prevailed at the court, was in virtual disgrace. But every time there was a treaty to be negotiated with a foreign Power, Li Hung Chang was the only thinkable representative for his nation. His long ascendancy, which, curiously, never had full official recognition, was rather remarkable for his astuteness in keeping his nation out of trouble, and in mending the mistakes of other men, than for any definte constructive policy of his own. The advance of Russia to the Yellow Sea was made, it was generally believed, with his connivance; and whatever of good or ill is to come from the annexation of Mantchuria is probably to be laid in part at his door. Although he lacked the prestige that tangible success brought to Grant and Bismarck, his patient and wholly Oriental wisdom in a time of hesitation should make him equally memorable with them; while for interest of a personal sort the inscrutable viceroy yields to no statesman of modern times.

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A LED DEMOCRACY.

Continued gratulation is heard, and with reason, on the fresh hope for universal suffrage in great cities which the New York election inspires. It was not simply that Tammany was beaten, but that it was flung out of its own fortresses below Fourteenth Street. This is the great fact, the great good cheer, which has most impressed the country. Upon this, intelligent foreign observers have commented. It was a demonstration that the ignorant voter, the foreign-born voter, the democrat wielding a weapon of suffrage to which his hands were untrained, could yet be approached with argument and persuasion and example, and made to see as straight and vote as true as his more delicately clad and comfortably fed fellow-citizen of the West Side.

This revelation was no surprise to those who best knew the people who made it. What we saw in the election returns of Tuesday week was only what Capt. Goddard and Jacob Riis and Mr. Reynolds have all along maintained that we should see when the occasion arrived. They discovered long ago, what seems to have been hidden from the wise and prudent on Fifth Avenue, that the residents of Stanton Street and Mulberry Bend had a due share of human nature; had minds to perceive what was truly for the city's welfare, and hearts to respond when appeals were made to protect the helpless and save the innocent. The change was not in the men and women of the East Side, but in the tactics of those who set about securing their aid in the fight against municipal corruption. The great difficulty with the working of universal suffrage in our large cities was pointed out by Mr. Bryce. There was, on the one hand, "an ignorant multitude, largely composed of recent immigrants, untrained in self-government." Then there was the great body of "able citizens absorbed in their private businesses, cultivated citizens unusually sensitive to the vulgarities of practical politics, and *both sets therefore specially unwilling to sacrifice their time and tastes and comfort in the struggle with sordid wirepullers and noisy demagogues.*" The great triumph of the campaign was to bring that unnatural separation of classes to an end, with a result that astonished and gratified the city, the country, and, we may say, the whole world.

In a single phrase, it was a led democracy at work that gave us the victory. That was the sort of democracy which the great leaders of liberty and enfranchisement in the nineteenth century always had in mind. The Liberals in England, the emancipators in America, who strove mightily for the extension of the suffrage to whole new classes and entire races, never imagined that a magical virtue resided in the ballot. They thought of it as a great educator for the poor and ignorant, as well as a weapon of defence against oppression; but they also thought that the natural leaders of society would find new motive and purpose in going to the masses to train and guide them. Universal suffrage is, indeed, a nuisance to the superior citizen who desires to lounge at home and do the whole duty of political man in drawing a check. But to men who see in it a powerful appeal to effort; who know that society must educate its masters or perish, must lift up the lowly or sink lower than they; and who know also that the humblest of God's creatures, white or brown or black, has a spark of the divine reason in him, and can be shown the good and taught to admire the beautiful and honor the worthy—why, to them, the freeman's ballot is the instrument of political progress and social improvement. A rightly led democracy, however swarming, however tumultuous, is a source of strength and pride, not the threat that some men see in it.

And the matter is of wider scope than city elections. The principle vindicated by the repudiation of Tammany in its favored haunts is good for the South, with its problem of negro suffrage; good also for Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines, where our rulers are so timorous about self-government. After the great awakening in New York city, we ought to be ready to assert in firmer tones what Lowell was able to say when the prospect was gloomier than we now feel it to be—namely:

> "The democratic theory is that those Constitutions are likely to prove steadiest which have the broadest base, that the right to vote makes a safety-valve of every voter, and that the best way of teaching a man how to vote is to give him the chance of practice. For the question is no longer the academic one, 'Is it wise to give every man the ballot?' but rather the practical one, 'Is it prudent to deprive whole classes of it any longer?' "

Turn an army officer loose on the East Side, with its mixture of races and creeds, its struggling life, its poverty, its ignorance, and would he not be certain to report that self-government by such people was out of the question? Yet we believe him when he gravely tells us that of Manila, of Havana, of San Juan! And the South is going deliberately to work to disfranchise the negro, instead of teaching him, as he could be taught, to use the suffrage wisely. No such shrinking love of ease and dread of combat was in the mind of Sumner when he rejoiced in negro suffrage as one of the levers to lift a race. He wished, too, to see fit negroes in Federal office, as both "a testimony and a symbol"—a testimony to the fairness of white men, a symbol of hope for black. And what he and the Republicans of an elder day would have thought of our modern dread of men with ballots in their hands in Cuba and the Philippines, it is easy to surmise. But the fresh courage we are taking from the example of New York cannot fail to go with us to the South and to the Orient. There, as here, men can be taught and led. There, as here, a broad-based democracy, with leaders not afraid nor slothful, may become the securest and happiest of governments.

ELECTION EXPENSES.

The filing by candidates of the statements required by law regarding their expenditures during the recent campaign brings up again the whole subject of such expenditures. It is worth noting that this year—owing, doubtless, to the fact that the public conscience was known to be aroused—the sums paid by candidates as a rule were relatively lower than in former years, though there are some exceptions, as, for instance, in the Sixth Judicial District, where the Fusion candidate for Magistrate expended $2,360 to secure his election. But the sums contributed or expended by candidates do not, of course, make up any considerable portion of the money used during the election canvass. The law ought to be so amended as to call for itemized statements from leaders and chairmen also, and then some real idea could be formed by the general public of the uses to which campaign contributions are put.

It is, of course, understood that the perfectly legitimate expenses of a canvass are extremely heavy. Printing and postage—items which, like charity, frequently cover a multitude of sins—really require the use of very large sums. It costs about $20,000 to send a circular, under a two-cent stamp, to each of the voters of Greater New York, and each voter is probably served with half a dozen such circulars, general and local, during a fairly lively canvass. In the campaign just closed so successfully, at least three anti-Tammany organizations maintained for three months headquarters in each of the sixty-five Assembly districts of the greater city, at an aggregate cost of perhaps $50,000. At an average it costs, all told, about $50 to hold a well-ordered indoor district campaign meeting of the kind of which five or six an evening are held in each Assembly district. This includes music; a campaign meeting without music is like champagne without fizz. Meetings like these are continued for at least three weeks, at an aggregate expenditure of probably more than $150,000, to say nothing of the cost of the less numerous but larger and individually more expensive general meetings. A truck-meeting, with music, costs about $20. The Fusionists probably kept as many as four trucks to an Assembly district going during the last ten days of the recent canvass, and this foots up a cost of more than $50,000. The sums which may

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properly and beneficially be expended in the distribution of campaign literature, the posting of "campaign slogans," and the raising of banners are practically limitless.

All these expenditures are perfectly legitimate, as well as many others not specifically mentioned. They give some idea of the necessary cost of a campaign, and it would undoubtedly be of great interest if they could be officially declared, as the direct expenditures of the candidates are. There are other expenditures of a less certain nature which it would be interesting to learn more about. The law does not permit a candidate to purchase tickets to balls, outings, etc., but he may "contribute to the success" of such enterprises, or his campaign managers may buy tickets. Numerous clubs spring up during each campaign, willing, even eager, to give balls and outings. Kegs and half-barrels of beer take on astonishing qualities during a campaign. If bestowed, they transform reluctant and coldly deliberating electors into enthusiastic advocates; if withheld, they wither friendships which have bloomed with surprising swiftness in the warm sunshine of expectation.

The election expenditures which are most open to question, however, are those of election day. The Monday before the Tuesday of election is known to all party workers as "dough day." A certain sum is given by each party on this occasion to the captain of each election district. This varies widely, running anywhere from $10 to $200 for an election district. There are nearly 900 election districts in Manhattan and the Bronx, and a corresponding number in the other boroughs. Just what becomes of this money the public does not know, but ought to know. Probably the larger part of it is simply wasted. Few votes are bought outright in these days of secret ballots. It is undoubtedly possible for a voter to identify his vote, but the risk, both of failure to vote a valid ballot and of exposure, is too great, and the process necessarily too elaborate, to constitute a serious danger.

Much of the money which is wasted is paid to men who wear party badges and are called "workers," probably because they do no work. They are engaged to "get out the vote," but when, as on Tuesday week, two-thirds of the voters come to the polls before noon, their chief exertion is to stand, or lean, near the polling-place a considerable portion of the day, and to receive the five dollars apiece for less than which no true-blooded party "worker" will consent to wear a badge.

This dumping of large sums upon the election districts on election morning is perhaps the worst feature of our present election machinery. The central committees are largely responsible for it, and the responsibility rests also heavily upon the campaign contributor who sends in his check only a few days before the election. A hundred dollars contributed to a proper committee three, or better four, weeks before the election is pretty sure of a good and legitimate use. The same amount sent in under stress of the last week's excitement is equally likely to be wasted, or worse. Some money is, of course, needed on election day for real watchers, and challengers must in most cases be paid for their labor; but one-tenth of the election-day output would suffice for all this. This is one of the lessons which ought to be learned, and which, when citizens are permanently aroused to the performance of their civic duties, will soon be mastered.

THE FUTURE OF MUNICIPAL FRANCHISES.

The issue of a pamphlet by the Chicago Committee on Local Transportation, in which the probable recommendations on street-railway policy are announced, recalls attention to what is in some respects the greatest problem confronting American municipalities to-day. The question of franchises not merely for street-railways, but for all kinds of municipal monopolies, was never more vital than now. Though it was overshadowed by the greater moral issues at stake in the city campaign which has just closed, it was freely discussed by candidates. In Indianapolis the terms of a franchise grant are now under discussion. In Chicago the fact that existing street-railway charters begin to expire less than two years from now, makes independent action on the part of that city imperative, in view of the failure of last year's Street-Railway Commission to obtain from the Legislature a general act for the control of municipal franchises. The public interest which has practically compelled the appointment of the present Committee, furnishes most encouraging evidence that the American public is awaking to the real importance of the problem. This interest is in striking contrast with the apathy of Philadelphia and some other cities, and lends unusual weight to the leading suggestions of the Committee's special report.

The whole recent discussion of the franchise question has practically turned upon the conditions under which franchises may actually be granted with the greatest advantage to the grantor. We say this, knowing that there are many stock and bond holders who fondly cling to the old system of long-term grants, and many Utopists who would advocate the abolition of franchises and the ownership and operation of public-service enterprises by the municipality. We believe, however, that both these classes of extremists are so far in the minority that their opinions may be disregarded in practical discussions, and that it may be taken for granted that private ownership and operation under suitable conditions and for appropriate short terms, with proper payment to the grantors of such privileges, is the preferable policy. That such is the consensus of opinion among those best qualified to pass upon the question may be seen from the practical unanimity of expression at all the recent meetings of municipal experts, and from the substantial harmony manifested in the statements of policy put forward by high-minded candidates for office, irrespective of political party.

But when these two broad principles of municipal policy have been accepted, there yet remains a great field for debate, and this debate has chiefly been concentrated upon two controverted points—the length of the franchise term, and the mode in which compensation is to be made. There are many who maintain that the proper policy to pursue is one of short-term grants, renewable from time to time, while a less strong body of opinion favors an indeterminate franchise, revocable at the pleasure of the City Council. The advocates of the short-term plan point out that, in the beginning at least, franchises should run for a term equal to the life of the fixed capital employed, which, in the case of electric installations, is said by engineers to be about ten years. If this period be not allowed for the recovery of the first investment, they say, investors cannot be induced to undertake the work.

The reply made by those who believe in the indeterminate grant is to cite the experience of Boston and Washington, where excellent traction systems are in use under revocable franchises. The whole question has an important bearing on good municipal government. Corporations could not afford to be blackmailed annually by threats of revocation, and it might therefore be confidently expected that their powerful influence would, under a revocable franchise system, be turned to the support of honest legislators, who would not adopt low methods for personal profit. It is interesting, in view of this discussion, to find the Chicago Committee favoring what seems likely to be the franchise policy of the future—a short-term grant at the outset, subsequently revocable, at the pleasure of the City Council, upon proper compensation for the fixed capital taken.

The problem of compensation for the grant of franchises is far more troublesome, and no satisfactory solution has so far been agreed upon. How the question is being attacked may be seen from the agitation in Iowa for the heavier taxation of railways on the basis of franchise values, from the recent effort in Cleveland to secure an increase in the assessment of franchises, and from the

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attempt to assess New York franchises on the same principles as real estate. The main difficulties encountered are, of course, rather those of practical application than of theory. Few would doubt that taxation should ultimately be proportioned to net income. The difficulty is to ascertain the amount of this income with precision, and to discriminate net from apparent earnings. Obstacles in the way of this endeavor have led to the search for some other basis of assessment. The Chicago Committee discard the net-earnings principle, and propose that compensation be secured from a percentage of gross receipts, though they recommend that after six years a reduction of fare take the place of the money payment.

The question is, however, not merely a choice between reduction of fares and an annual cash bonus. The extent of the reduction, or the amount of the bonus, as the case may be, has to be determined. It is just at this point that the real complexity of the street-railway problem shows itself. Earnings must not be so reduced that it will be impossible to provide a depreciation fund sufficient to cover the deterioration of the plant within the time for which the franchise is first granted, and this should be borne in mind when fixing both the life of the franchise and the amount of the compensation, whether the latter be in cash or in lower fares. The investor must be allowed a good return upon his capital if he is to give good service. He must be able to provide a depreciation fund, or he will never consent to a revocable franchise which would permit a City Council to sweep away his chance of recovering his investment in the form of large profits. He must be left large liberty to deal with employees and to regulate the running of cars. The Chicago Committee err chiefly in their effort to legislate too minutely on the latter points. Something must be trusted to the wisdom and the business sense of the corporations themselves; and where a proper reservation of power has been made, such trust will not be in vain.

The franchise policy of the immediate future, as regards not merely traction but all other public-service corporations, must be simple and conservative. Short-term grants, with subsequent power to revoke, adequate compensation to the municipality—probably in the form partly of lower fares and partly of limitation of profits, with prescribed bookkeeping—these are the fundamentals of franchise reform. With the great principles established and an ultimate power of control reserved, minute interference with business details will be neither wise nor necessary.

SALISBURY AND THE WAR.

Lord Salisbury's Guildhall speech on Saturday seems to have disappointed some of his followers by its sombre tone. Apparently they expected him to indulge in quips and epigrams. But the situation is surely not one to call for a display of his old *Saturday-Review* manner. In view of the recent disaster to Col. Benson's column in South Africa, of the distinct revival of the war and its spread into Cape Colony, and of the calamitous death-rate among the Boer children in the concentration camps, at which humane England is appalled, pleasantries or sarcasms on the part of the Prime Minister would have been most ill-timed. They would have been too much like gibes from Yorick's skull.

Others among the supporters of the Government reproach Lord Salisbury for not having taken the country more into his confidence. But we do not see the force of this complaint. The ugly facts are as well known to the man in the street as to the Premier. The list of casualties, the great force still required in the field, the $7,500,000 a week which the war is costing, the income tax—these are the features of the situation which stand out before every eye. While not minimizing them, Lord Salisbury declared that the Government had important plans for hastening the end of the war which it would be a breach of public duty for him to reveal. This attitude is entirely correct. Salisbury is too serious a statesman to affirm that new measures are afoot unless such were the case; and none knows better than he that to publish his plans would be the best way of inviting their defeat. Former projects have gone so sadly astray that there will be natural skepticism about these latest ones, whatever they may be. They may be connected with Gen. Ian Hamilton's return to South Africa, or the proposal to raise a sort of *Landwehr* in Cape Colony; but the Prime Minister is quite right in declining to take the country into his confidence as regards these military plans. If the country does not want to turn out the Government, it must let it carry on the war and conduct its diplomacy with the reserve which is necessary to the success of either.

To judge by the cabled reports of Salisbury's speech, he had nothing to say about that aspect of the war which is most afflicting to the best people in England. There can be no doubt that the horrors of the concentration camps have been a source of shame and humiliation to Englishmen, irrespective of party. For this it will be most difficult to forgive the Government, when all is over. A death-rate among the detained Dutch children of nearly 400 per thousand per year—this, as that old Conservative, Mr. Courtney, has bitterly observed, this is "the pitiless fact which crushes all hypotheses." Admit that the policy of concentrating the Boer women and children in camps was humane in intention; grant that it was a military mistake, as it may be plausibly argued that it was, and that the innocent victims of the war would have perished even more miserably on the veldt, or would have led the men to surrender sooner if they had not been brought in; allow, as no doubt in fairness it must be allowed, that Gen. Kitchener and the War Office have done everything within their power to feed and care for the unfortunate Dutch families—still, the result has been as humiliating to the British management of the war as it will always appear simply frightful.

It is not only foreigners or "pro-Boer" Englishmen who are saying these things, and whose cheeks burn with indignation as they read of these unintended but unrelieved miseries. Philanthropists and clergymen have begun to cry shame upon the Government on the score of this massacre of the innocents. Only a few days ago, Canon Gore, the distinguished Churchman, published a letter in which he said:

> "Hitherto the conscience of the country has been, actively or passively, as a whole supporting the war; but, unless I am very much mistaken, it must peremptorily require that immediate steps, however costly —whether by the speedy introduction of suitable nourishment into the camps in sufficient abundance or by the removal of the camps to the sea—be taken to obviate this unexampled and horrible death-rate among the children for whose protection we have, by a policy which may have been mistaken, but is, at any rate, not now reversible, made ourselves responsible. Otherwise, I believe, the honor of our country will contract a stain which we shall not be able to obliterate, and the whole Christian conscience of the country will be outraged and alienated."

The Canon was, of course, yelped at by the Chamberlain pack as guilty of "treason." A furious controversy was, in fact, raging about his utterance when what should Lord Salisbury do but appoint him Bishop of Worcester? It was one of those cool things which Salisbury so often has done in defiance of mob feeling. Canon Gore undoubtedly deserved the promotion, on the score of piety and scholarship; but to have got it just at this time! One of its amusing results will be to place the new Bishop in spiritual authority over Canon Knox-Little, a furibund clergyman who has been dealing out death to the Boers, and who had broken out violently against Canon Gore himself just before the latter was made his reverend father in God!

So far as Salisbury's speech breathed dogged determination to "see the war through," it undoubtedly spoke the sentiments of the vast majority of Englishmen. There is no political combination in sight or possible which could stop the war, so long as the Boers elect to go on fighting. Even Campbell-Bannerman, even Mr. Bryce, even John Morley, admit that the war, having been once begun in an unhappy hour, must be fought to the bitter end. The most mili-

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tant Liberals simply hope to accumulate against the Tories enough evidence of mismanagement of the war, both in its inception and in its conduct, to beat them when the war is over; they are under no illusions about the possibility of taking office before the war is somehow brought to an end. Yet, at the same time, they think that generous terms of settlement might, even now, hasten the close of hostilities. They will, therefore, find some encouragement in what Lord Salisbury said upon this point. He receded openly from his old defiant talk about not leaving the Boers "a shred of independence," and spoke of his strong desire that they should "enjoy immediately peace, freedom, and civil rights," and, as soon as time would permit, "the other blessings of self-government." But there is no evidence that the Boers are yet minded to leave off scorning such terms or despising English proclamations; and the best prospect is that this ignoble war, undertaken in an evil hour for England, and waged with such unexampled losses and humiliations, will go grinding on its pitiless way for many weary months more, if not years.

MORLEY ON GLADSTONE.

Mr. John Morley was orator of the day at the recent unveiling of a statue of Gladstone in Manchester, and his address was a fine estimate of the personal and public qualities of his old chief. Speaking in what is now a Tory stronghold—Mr. Balfour represents a Manchester constituency—Mr. Morley naturally avoided controverted political topics. He discussed, not the particular measures with which Mr. Gladstone's name was associated, but the spirit in which he lived and worked. And no one who knows Mr. Morley's gift for political philosophy, and his ability to read the large and universal lesson in the separate detail, would need to be assured that he made his tribute to the departed Liberal leader a vehicle for conveying his own ideals of public service and statesmanlike worth.

His praise of Gladstone's oratory must necessarily seem a little high-pitched to one out from under the spell of voice and eye, which all agree to have exerted an extraordinary fascination in the case of the great Parliamentarian and popular speaker. Gladstone's speeches were, no doubt, "saturated in matter." No one ever steeped himself beforehand more thoroughly in his material; no orator, apparently, ever trusted more to the moment's flow of words. They flowed, in fact, in too rushing and too little limpid a flood to entitle him to a place among the greatest orators. His extraordinary turn for refining and qualifying—"Gladstonese," we have heard it called—is like a mist upon the page of his orations when read; and, when heard, laid him somewhat open to the charge of studied ambiguity. Mr. Morley admits this defect, which he explains as due to Gladstone's dread of loose statement, so that "what passed for sophistry or subtlety was in truth a scruple of conscience." This is an utterance of loyalty, but we think that Walter Bagehot, in his wonderfully discriminating and prophetic article on Gladstone forty years ago, came nearer the fact when he said that this tendency to over-nice distinctions was inherent in Mr. Gladstone's mind, of which the natural and favored method was that of a scholastic theologian.

Another limitation which Mr. Morley recognizes in his hero is the lack of an open mind for what science was doing in his world.

> "I remember," he says, "going out with him one Sunday afternoon to pay a visit to Mr. Darwin. It was in the seventies. As I came away, I felt that no impression had reached him; that that intellectual, modest, single-minded, low-browed lover of truth, that searcher of the secrets of nature, had made no impression on Mr. Gladstone's mind, though he had seen one who from his Kentish hilltop was shaking the world."

But of all these minor aspects of a great character we may say, as Henry IV. said to the Spanish Ambassador, "What! has not your master virtues enough to have some defects?"

Mr. Gladstone's nobility of soul was the thing in him which most impressed observers. A grateful correspondent once wrote to him, "You have so lived and wrought that you have kept the soul alive in England." Countless testimonies to the same effect might be cited. One of the latest we find in a letter of the historian, John Richard Green. Writing of an evening passed in a distinguished company where Gladstone was present, he said, "I felt so proud of my leader, because, wise or unwise as he might seem in this or that, he was always noble of soul." This higher plane on which Gladstone moved, this purer air which he breathed, together with his ardor for liberty, his belief in progress, his indefatigable energy, and his inextinguishable hopefulness, made him the great public figure he was. The tradition of his oratory will die away, and his speeches, like most speeches, will lie unread; but the memory of his lofty bearing, his flashing chivalry, his spontaneous and burning indignation against oppression of any man in any land—this is the fine and lasting legacy he bequeathed to his country and the world.

Mr. Morley eloquently combatted the notion that Mr. Gladstone was ever a mere time-server. The fame of a great public teacher was, rather, that which he would place upon his head as a laurel crown. Gladstone knew, of course, that, as is the case with any leader in a democracy, he must work in and through public opinion; but it was ever his aim to create and guide that opinion, never slavishly to follow it. The fact that he set himself to the immense and, as it turned out, impossible task of persuading England to grant home rule to Ireland, should be proof enough that he was as far as possible from being an "ear-to-the-ground" statesman. Mr. Morley adduces a more conclusive, because a less debated, instance. It is the case of Gladstone's revolutionary Budget of 1853. Of this he says:

> "Well, gentlemen, what did Mr. Gladstone do on this occasion? Did he run about feeling the pulse of popular opinion? No. He grappled with the facts with infinite genius and labor—and, recollect, with Mr. Gladstone half his genius was labor. He built up a vast plan. He carried that plan to the Cabinet. The Cabinet were against him almost to a man. They warned him that the House of Commons would be against him. The officials of the Treasury told him the Bank would be against him, that a great press of interests would be against him. But, like an intrepid and sinewy athlete that he always was, he stood to his guns. He converted the Cabinet. He persuaded the House of Commons. He vanquished the Bank and the hostile interests, and, in the words of one of his successors, he did all those things, and he changed and turned for many years to come the current of public opinion with that force which was too powerful for any mind to resist. Don't let it be said, then, that Mr. Gladstone was a man who always followed the flowing tide."

It cannot be denied that Mr. Gladstone's political fame has suffered something of an eclipse in England. He was out of sympathy with the movement for expansion and empire which has been sweeping everything before it in the last decade. When that cloud passes, Gladstone's sun will shine out again. His bitterest revilers are doing at this moment what his friends could not do to revive his glory. Chamberlain and Salisbury in South Africa are making Gladstone's policy there seem a monument of wisdom. The process of "wiping out" the shame of Majuba Hill has brought too many new shames to be very damaging to Gladstone's memory. But, all these matters aside, he was a man of such a mould and fibre, and of such a transcendent career, that no one has since arisen to take the place which he unquestionably held at his death—that of "the world's greatest citizen."

'IRELAND AND THE EMPIRE.'

DUBLIN, October 30, 1901.

For the past seventy years, a solid conservative minority of Irish members, sent from the north to Parliament, has been able to delay or forestall measures of Irish reform. There now appears every probability of that minority being broken up, mainly through the exertions of one man—Thomas Wallis Russell. His career has been so interesting, and he has now written such a remarkable book, that a notice of him and it appears opportune. It is illustrative of the enduring depressing effects of the penal laws and misgovernment upon the Irish people, in their own country, that while they themselves, in a steady stream of emigration, have had to seek careers abroad, a considerable number of English and Scotch immigrants have all along found openings for themselves in Ireland. Mr. Russell, a Scotchman, was one of

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these. He came over at an early age, and from one employment and another passed into that of an Irish temperance association. To a ready pen, untiring energy, and singular organizing powers, he added ability as a platform orator. He made the temperance movement in Ireland his own. It was mainly through his exertions that the Sunday Closing Act, such as it is, was passed. Of blameless character, beloved in his social relations, he could be a bitter opponent. No man ever had greater power of establishing and keeping up a "raw." The liquor-dealers would gladly have lynched him.

In those early days he was a Liberal—favoring the disestablishment of the Irish Church and a reform in the land laws. He never had any sympathy with national aspirations. The excesses, as he conceived them to be, of the Land League gradually inclined him towards the Conservative ranks. Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule proposals completed the process. He came to believe that the liquor interest was less of a danger to the country than Home Rule would be. He proved himself to be one of the ablest Liberal-Unionist workers and speakers, and upon that platform was returned to Parliament. The position he, the proprietor of a temperance hotel in Dublin, came to occupy in Parliament and in Conservative circles in England is striking proof of the spirit of equality, irrespective of worldly possessions, that dominates English political life. Mr. Russell, in a book published a few days ago,* says that if Mr. Gladstone had been twenty years younger, and if Mr. Parnell had not gone astray, Home Rule would now probably be the law of the land. Many believe that the same change would have been effected but for Mr. Chamberlain's astuteness and Mr. Russell's oratory in and out of Parliament.

Nothing could exceed the bitterness of his denunciation of the character and doings of Mr. Parnell and his following. This was repaid in kind. It used to be humorously suggested that if there were but one door into heaven and Mr. Russell held the key, none of the Irish members would seek admission. Yet in generous moments he did not hesitate to admit that the Land League had "practically converted the tenants from serfs into freemen." (This conversion surely justified much, where for half a century appeals and reasoning had proved ineffectual.) Mr. Russell amply earned reward at the hands of the Ministry, and received it in being appointed Under-Secretary to the English Local Government Board. He displayed administrative abilities; and the highest appointments in the state capable of being filled by a layman, one without legal training, were open to him. By a second marriage he became still further connected with Irish ascendancy circles.

However it happened, in the quieter years of official life, after the defeat of the Home Rule Bill and the decease of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Gladstone, a complete change of feeling was worked in him regarding the necessity for further and drastic land legislation, and his attitude towards the Irish representatives. He stands almost alone in the history of Irish politics as having once taken his place in the comfortable fold of Conservative officialdom, and then, from conscientious motives, thrown up all, and, late in life, embarked upon the stormy sea of Irish agitation. Refusing the proffer of a lucrative Government post out of Parliament, he was returned for an Ulster constituency committed to the principle of peasant proprietary, while opposed to Home Rule in the Gladstonian sense, and prepared to support the Government regarding the Transvaal war.

Mr. Russell, in the work whose title is appended, gives to the world his mature convictions regarding the Irish question as a whole. The honest avowal of such wide alteration in point of view of a great question is highly honorable, though it necessarily exposes him to the charge of former want of judgment and of insight into the political necessities of Ireland. The language is so vigorous, the style so lucid, the facts of the situation in Ireland are so carefully marshalled, that the pages read more like those of a prose poem than of a political essay. Mr. Russell opens with a statement of the present aspect of the Irish question in Parliament.

"Practically the Irishmen say to England, 'You destroyed our Parliament in 1800. The destruction of that national assembly was accompanied by the most unblushing bribery, intimidation, and corruption. Ireland has never condoned that great offence. You govern us, not by love and affection, but by force and fraud. Forty thousand armed men are necessary to maintain your supremacy. Ours is a forced and unwilling allegiance. We come to this assembly—but are not of it. We desire to be at home governing our own land—the land of our affections, and for which alone we care. You can retain us here by force; but in that case you must pay the price. We shall interfere in every nook and cranny of British affairs—at home and abroad. If we cannot govern our own country, we shall see whether we cannot make parliamentary institutions and the Government of England a laughing-stock before the whole world.' There is no concealment about it. This is the situation."

Again:

"Why is it that the distant colonies rise as one man in defence of the Empire and, as I think, of a just cause, and the Irish race at home and abroad stand out and oppose? That is the pregnant question."

Concerning England's delinquency:

"England had, unasked and unbidden, taken over the government of Ireland. Where the duty was not shamefully neglected, it was exercised in the interests of a class alone. Until Mr. Gladstone arose, no subject people had ever been more basely treated or neglected by a conqueror."

Mr. Russell proceeds to point out that through agitation and violence alone has every great reform for Ireland had to be wrung from the British Parliament:

"But for the murder and outrage which disgraced the years 1880 and 1881, the great charter of the Irish farmers, weakened and injured as it has been by shameless maladministration, could never have been passed. . . . Similarly, the Local Government Act of 1898, the greatest measure passed since the Act of Union, owes its existence on the statute-book entirely to the Home-Rule agitation."

Up to the disestablishment of the Irish Church, Mr. Russell has "no hesitation in saying that rebellion was morally justifiable in Ireland." Upon his own part, he acknowledges two great mistakes. He believed in the patriotic feeling and intentions of the Irish landlords, and he misjudged the Irish national representatives.

"If a comparison has to be made [between the British and Irish representatives in Parliament], I am not sure that the Irishmen would lose by it. In any case, there these men are. . . . What is to be done? Whatever fault may be found with them, they are absolutely unpurchasable. They forego for their country's sake all the rewards that service in the English ranks would give them. Not a man in the party can be bought. They are able, even brilliant. They have discovered and developed a new method of making war upon England. Their fathers fought with pike and musket, and were worsted. These men, with ballots instead of bullets, and by using the privileges of Parliament, have done more in twenty years for their country than has been done by pikes and muskets for centuries."

As to the Irish people at large:

"Already one hundred years have passed since, by our flagitious conduct, the Union was established. Can any one say that to-day we are one bit nearer the heart of the Irish people? . . . What is there to make us believe the patience of a whole race can be worn down? They have suffered and endured in the past. Why, if it be necessary, should they not suffer and endure in the future?"

In successive chapters are treated "The Union to Emancipation," "Emancipation to the Famine," "Famine to the Fenians," "Gladstone: The Great Awakening," "The Great Surrender," "Balfourian Amelioration," "Land Question," "The Education Controversy," "Financial Relations," "Ireland at Westminster," "The Ulster Problem," "How the Union Can Be Maintained." Mr. Russell's argument for the necessity of further land reform might have been made stronger if he had devoted a chapter to giving specific instances of the manner in which the plain intentions of the Act of 1881 (that tenants should not be rented on their improvements) have been set at naught by officials and a judiciary imbued with landlord and ascendancy prejudices. He has spoken of the present Land Court as "an Augean stable." Nothing is truer than that, in these days, "it requires no little courage for an Irish Protestant to stand out and be counted on the side of the people." Mr. Russell's substitute for Home Rule is that Irish affairs in Parliament should be left to a grand committee of Irish members—a plan suggested by Jonathan Pim thirty years ago. This scheme is not likely to find much favor with standard Home-Rulers who believe in the radical incapacity of Englishmen to understand and legislate for Ireland, and in the necessity of the task being committed to themselves upon their own soil. Nor can they understand why a subsidiary parliament in Ireland should be spoken of as "separation" from England, while parliaments in the United States, Germany, Canada, Australia, even the Channel Islands, enjoying ampler powers than those contemplated by Mr. Gladstone's bill, are esteemed consistent with union in a republic, a monarchy, and commonwealths.

In detail, Mr. Russell reproduces some popular errors. "There was nothing like the increase [of population which took place in Ireland] anywhere else in Europe." The figures given in Whittaker's Almanack are: 1801-1841, Ireland 53 per cent. increase, England 80 per cent. Census figures: 1821-1831, Ireland 14.19 per cent. increase, England 15.80 per cent.; 1831-1841, Ireland 5.25 per cent., England 14.48 per cent. The common statement at pages 50, 51, that the new purchasers in Landed Estates Court were the chief rent-raisers, and so caused discon-

* Ireland and the Empire: A Review. 1800-1900. By T. W. Russell, M. P. for South Tyrone. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 284 pp.

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tent, etc., is not borne out by facts. It was not the famine that made landlords as a rule bankrupt. It was that they or their predecessors had spent their estates instead of the incomes from them. That foodstuffs in abundance were exported in the famine years is well known, and that numbers of farmers paid their rents and died of starvation.

Mr. Russell's is altogether a remarkable book, and cannot but have its influence upon British politics. He opines: "The two races that inhabit Ireland will not for ever remain apart, scowling at each other across years of bitter memories. The Protestant will not for ever stand shivering on the banks of the Boyne; the Roman Catholic will not always recall the Penal Laws." Let us hope the volume before us will help to this end. It is, as it stands, in truth a vade-mecum of facts and argument for Home-Rulers. D. B.

TUSCAN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

FLORENCE, October 15, 1901.

In a back number of the *Nation* I read an interesting letter on the late developments of Socialism in Italy, and was glad to see that the writer is not one of the timid crew who think a country must be going to the dogs because of a few strikes, where the masters and workmen are allowed to settle things between themselves without any interference on the part of the Government. Had this system been adopted in 1880, when strikes became fashionable in Italy, very possibly, in this new century, we should not have heard of any more. As it is, we are now in the thick of the epidemic, which, being left to nature, is proving mild on the whole.

For the last forty years, although the right to strike is proclaimed by the law of the land, as a matter of fact the Government, the provincial and communal authorities have always intervened on behalf of the masters, either by arresting the workmen, or, in case of agricultural strikes, by sending soldiers to do the work of the men on strike. Hence perpetual conflicts, and the terrible class hatred, which has always existed, embittered to the death. After the shameful arrests of 1898 and the necessary liberation of all the arrested, the Socialists became what might be called obstreperous. Outside the House, they organized resistance to the arbitrary acts of the Government. Within the House, assisted by the Republicans, the Radicals, and by a certain number of the old Left, they brought obstruction to such a point as it never was brought by the Irish in Parliament, because they gained all their demands and prevented the passage of new regulations. Onlookers who do not know Italians, protested, and moaned that the end of representative government was at hand, and called on the Government and on the new King—especially because of his accession and its cause—to proclaim martial law, to gag the Parliament, and return almost to the state of things before the *Statuto* granted in 1848.

Fortunately, at the helm was an old Liberal, who has never denied his faith, and who only in one instance acted in opposition to it. He knew that it was useless to attempt to combat anarchy by anarchy, violence by violence; and made it clear to the young ruler that the time was come for the inauguration of law and liberty. We must suppose that Victor Emanuel III. is satisfied with Zanardelli, as he has just awarded him the collar of the Annunciata (withheld from him hitherto, in a most unaccountable fashion, seeing that he was in the first Ministry of the Left in 1876, by both King Victor II. and Humbert). Be that as it may, while apparently Italy is a land convulsed with strikes and rent with civil war, there never was a time when she has been so orderly and peaceful—this because the haves and have-nots are left severely alone to settle their quarrels between themselves without let or hindrance. Hence the discussion within the Socialistic party. Fighting the Government for fighting's sake is still preached by the least intelligent portion of the party, supported, of course, by the Republicans, who do not want a monarchical government to initiate reforms or allow of their initiation, because they need to prove that no good can come out of monarchical institutions. Turati, who, for breadth and depth of intellect, force of will and integrity of conscience, is the loftiest leader of the party, has demonstrated the absurdity, the puerility of these methods. He has not denied the foundation of Marx's system—collectivism and class struggle—but replaces his catastrophic theory with that of gradual reforms, which can be obtained only by alliance with one or more fractions of the middle classes (*borghesia*).

Throughout the year there has been agitation on the part of the bread-makers and bakers for the abolition of night work, and for certain alterations in the method and time of payment. The owners of bread-making and baking establishments refused the proposals, and the men threatened a strike. Then a trial of fifteen days was agreed upon, but the "fancy-bread" establishments saw their way to make a good thing out of opposition, and continued night work. This consumption of fancy bread naturally lessened that of the common loaf, and the body of proprietors declared that they could not keep to day labor any longer. On this, on the eve of the 11th, the entire body of makers and bakers of bread struck. The surrounding cities, Prato, Pisa, Pistoia, whose special bread is patronized by some, merely sent their usual quota. The military bake-houses have enough to do for the garrison, the prisons and the military hospitals; and the municipality has non-coöperative resources. Hence, for the first day there was no bread for the elementary schools, where breakfast is given to the children, no bread for the charitable institution called the "Daily Bread." Here tickets for the economical kitchens were substituted, and people in general made out with stale bread, fancy bread; and the surrounding towns sent in an evening ration. But mark! so thoroughly convinced were the Florentines of the perfect organization of the workmen and of their right to day instead of night work that no outcry was raised. On the contrary, the proprietors were given to understand that they must give way. Some tried to hold out, but Guglielmo Dolfi, son of the famous old tribune, made himself heard in the great meeting of proprietors. Shall we render ourselves responsible for the consequences of leaving Florence another day without bread, or allow the surrounding cities to take away our trade altogether? Let us give the day work a fair trial for a month. There are many obstacles to its complete success. The fancy-bread makers will be damaged to a large extent if they can't supply the hotels with French rolls, *semels, kifels*, etc.; also, it remains to be seen whether the night workers reduced to day workers will be content with day instead of night wages. So it was all settled. There was a truce of a month, and at the end of that period the problem will have solved itself. Throughout Tuscany leagues are being formed for abolishing night labor. In Milan, the bakers are still on strike. But the public peace has not been disturbed.

Now suppose that the police had been allowed to arrest the strikers, and the soldiers called in to make and bake the bread; Florence would have been plunged into disorder. The surrounding cities would have been divided between the chance of extra gain and the reluctance to turn "blacklegs." Now, however the matter be settled, the public will say to the defeated party, "You have had a fair trial and must put up with defeat." In agricultural disputes, affairs are much more difficult to arrange because of the vast numbers and the extreme poverty of the laborers; but in some cases the league of laborers have succeeded in settling disputes amicably. In the Ferrarese districts, however, where a wealthy company has "redeemed waste lands" and transformed them into wheat-growing plains, the shareholders clamor and the directors are pitiless. At the present moment they have ordered 300 evictions, have commenced selling the cattle, and resolved to revert to pasture. But the league leaders on the one hand and Government agents on the other are trying to bring both sides to reason, and possibly may succeed. In Sicily and the south of the Neapolitan continent scarcely any sort of organization has yet prevailed. The misery of certain districts is beyond belief or even imagination. Only a decent harvest and a not too bitter winter stave off insurrection from year to year. Proprietors there seem not only heartless, but headless, and the peasant's only solace is to take sudden and violent vengeance. It would be well if the Socialists of upper Italy, in this halcyon period of liberty, were to bring forward measures for pacifying the starving, half-savage peasants of the Puglie and the Sicilian latifundia.

CASTELLO DI GABBIANO, October 17.

I wonder whether in the whole workaday world there are a set of men, women, and children as happy and contented as are these Tuscan peasants to-day in this year of almost unexampled vine crops, abundant in quantity, and of average excellent quality. The weather in some parts of the Continent and also in some parts of Sicily has been atrocious; intense cold in the spring, then scorching heat and long drought—alternations which, while not materially affecting the corn crop, materially affect the grapes. In Venetia, and now in Turin, fierce hailstorms have destroyed half the grapes and spoiled the remainder, but Tuscany this year has been spared, and the anxiety of the peasants to let the grapes ripen to the precise point when their juice should yield the finest wine, and their fears lest autumn rains should come and spoil it all, have been more than ordinarily keen. For this year the olive crop has failed al-

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most entirely, the grain has yielded fairly, never has such a peach and pear harvest been known to the younger generation; but the apple crop has failed, and the rains have spoiled the figs so that for winter they have to be dried in the oven. But all these things count as trifles in comparison with the prospects of the vintage. And so far all has gone well.

Of course, all the property about here is held on the métayer half-and-half system, which, though now so harshly and widely abused as retrogressive, or at least stationary, still survives all other set systems, such as coöperation and profit-sharing, which even in England are losing credit. In the half-and-half system there is something satisfactory to human nature in the abstract, and to the peasant who has only his hands and his spade in the concrete. For he, at any rate, cannot be cheated if the system be carried out in good faith. The crops are in his keeping, his children eat grapes and a good many other things year in, year out. When the vintage begins, all the choice grapes are gathered first, and weighed at the houses of the several peasants, so that they can eat, sell, or keep for "dressing the wine" as they choose. Then all the rest of the grapes are gathered by them and brought up in well-cleansed tubs (*bigoncie*) on a bullock cart to the *fattoria padronale*. Here each separate peasant family has his own numbered vat (there may be ten, twenty, thirty, or more farms on the same estate), and into this vat he empties his tubs, he and the master or factor counting them. When the vintage is finished, it is wonderful how each peasant will calculate how many barrels the must will produce of first-class wine—which is allowed to ferment on the husks, according to the prevalent ideas of the time and the proprietor, which vary vastly. Here it remains generally ten days unless the weather be very damp or cold, when it remains a few days longer. The new wine, the pure juice of the grape, is then run off and divided between owner and peasant. Sometimes the latter leaves his to pay off part of his debt, or even to be sold for his own account. Then the husks are pressed in the *torcio*, and the wine thus produced serves, well-watered, for the peasant's ordinary drink. He also throws water over his portion of the skins and seeds, to make "small wine," while the master, after utilizing his share as he thinks fit, restores the refuse to the soil—probably to the kitchen garden, for which it is excellent manure.

I have known and visited almost annually this estate for the last twenty years. When I first visited it, in the early eighties, in a really good year for both wine and grain, the thirteen farms produced in all 760 barrels (50 litres each), and about 730 *staie* of grain (wheat). Now, unless the hailstorms carry off the crop, 2,300 barrels is a fair average, and 2,300 *staie* of wheat. Many of the old peasants are still on the soil, and have consequently seen their harvests more than doubled! Oil seems provokingly stationary, as, though new olive plantations have been made, either the mistral wind or the damp or some other plague blights the crop, and there is little else to count on. Maize is not much consumed in Tuscany; lambs, kids, milk, cheese, poultry help out the family, who also produce vegetables (beans, *cecci*, peas) and fruit to divide like all the rest with the master. He pays all the taxes and generally purchases the cattle, but the peasants have to go halves in the losses as they do on the produce of the stables. They are a splendid race, healthy, strong, well clothed, well fed; they have not the sad, hunted look of the peasant who lives from hand to mouth as a day laborer, or as the *so-called* métayers of Sicily, who have only one-third of the produce, and that unfairly measured, and are mulcted by usurers, factors, and sub-factors. Here they feel themselves copartners, and are so in fact. Of course their well-being depends much on the character of the proprietor. To be a good landlord, you must be willing to supply the wants of your peasant in a bad year, give him at least sufficient grain to keep him in bread and *paste* for soup in the winter; be patient even if during the second year he cannot pay up all; and discharge the family only if found incapable, negligent, or dishonest. Well treated, they do generally pay up at harvest, and many have a surplus, which they leave in the hands of the owner until they may want it to dower a daughter or put a son out in life. All the children go to the elementary schools for three years according to law; some remain there for five years, and can then obtain situations as factors or even communal secretaries.

Here the Socialists have not been able to insert even the thin edge of the wedge; but there are traitors in the citadel even of the *mezzadri*. Certain sons of orthodox fathers have become weary of the old paths. They have put up notices, "No credit given." Hence, when the year comes round and the peasant finds that he has not wheat enough to last the winter, he will throw up his farm and become one of the discontented. The owner will take another, as with the *mezzadri* there is no contract, but the "custom" rules from year to year. Presently the owner will get tired and let all the farms on his estate. Then exit *mezzadria* and enter Socialism.

J. W. M.

Correspondence.

RECIPROCITY OR MUTUALITY?

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In regard to freedom of trade and to the moral element therein, to which Mr. James De Normandie calls attention in your issue of October 24, I feel moved to say a few words.

It seems to me that "reciprocity" is not the most appropriate term to use in this connection, especially if we are to accept as its adequate definition the precept of Confucius, not to do to others what we would not have them do to us. The negative phrasing of this maxim places it on a much lower plane than that of the injunction, Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. There is quite a discount in ethical efficiency.

Now, the ideal property of an exchange of the products of human effort is that both parties thereto have become better off than they were before. There has been mutual benefit, as each has been doing a benefit to himself at the same time that he was doing benefit to the other. Reciprocity has not, to my mind, these connotations of spontaneity and simultaneousness. It conveys the implication of a temporary truce, and so, I think, has been instinctively adopted by protectionists, and consequently should be conscientiously abandoned to their use. Their habitual attitude towards commerce is a harking back to the primitive behavior of the race when men bartered with their weapons in the right hand and their commodities in the left. At present, protectionists seem to be making present, protectionists seem to be making reciprocity serve as a napkin to wrap their meaning and intentions in, to be laid away carefully in "innocuous desuetude."

All this preamble is to justify my proposal of *mutuality* as the better term.

This instinct of mutuality, however, has to do with far more than trade alone; it is really the cause of all that is worth while in the world. It had its inception in the very beginning of things, perhaps even controlling the material part of the universe, with its attraction of gravitation and all the other attractions. In the realm of sentient creatures, there could never have been any society whatever but for it, as there would never have been developed material fit for the purpose.

Primarily it was, of course, largely self-interest that prompted action; then there came some glimmerings of good will and kindness between those who were associated together; then was developed some sense of justice—the doing unto others as one would have others do unto him, until finally there has been sublimated—in a very few, alas, as yet—that charity which "suffereth long and is kind," even with no material return.

H. W. Taylor.

Stockton, Cal., November 6, 1901.

A WARNING FROM ALGERIA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In an article by M. Rouire, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for September 15, upon the colonization of Algeria, it is said that the war of subjugation lasted twelve years. Then comes the following, which may prove true of our war against the Filipinos:

"Et à quel prix cette pacification avait été obtenue! Et combien onéreuse elle fut à la race conquérante et à la race vaincue! Nos soldats et nos colons avaient blanchi de leurs ossemens la terre algérienne. Les balles, le soleil africain et les fièvres les avaient dévorés. Parmi les colons, ceux qui avaient survécu étaient tous ruinés. Quant aux habitans indigènes, ils avaient été exterminés ou avaient disparu. Les tribus, autrefois nos alliées, qui avaient fait le coup de feu au début de l'insurrection à côté de nos colons, et que nous avions eu le triste courage d'abandonner à leur malheureux sort, étaient allées chercher auprès de l'émir l'appui que nous leur avions refusé. Les tribus hostiles à notre domination avaient été à peu près anéanties. Des Hadjoutes il ne restait plus que quelques rares survivans qui durent aller se fondre dans les tribus voisines; les Beni-Khelil et les Beni-Salem étaient à peine moins éprouvés. Des établissemens européens qui, avant l'insurrection d'Abd-el-Kader, donnaient un aspect luxuriant à la Mitidja, il ne restait pas un debout; dans le Sahel la plupart

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étaient détruits, et dans quel état pitoyable se trouvaient les autres qui avaient échappé à la dévastation arabe! Il n'y avait plus d'habitans; et, partout, des ruines. Une fois de plus on pouvait appliquer à l'œuvre du conquérant le mot de l'historien: *pacem appellant ubi solitudinem faciunt.* Pour avoir la paix, nous avions autour de nous fait régner la solitude."

C. E. W.

CLEARFIELD, PA., November 8, 1901.

THEY DO THESE THINGS BETTER—IN GREECE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: A letter from Comm. Lanciani, printed in the *Athenæum* of October 26, and quoted in the *Evening Post* of November 6, gives occasion for again calling the attention of the intelligent world to the indefensible policy of the Italian Government concerning excavations on archæological sites. Here was an Italian who wished to make some excavations on ground near the ancient port of Pompeii, not for archæological purposes at all, but merely in the well-grounded hope of finding something that he could sell. He succeeded grandly. He found the remains of a large company of fugitives from the eruption of the year 79, many of them equipped with much jewelry and other articles of value. The excavator captured the jewelry for his own purposes, and though the Government authorities, one may suppose, had some sort of an inspector on hand, no record was made of the thousand and one details that would be of such immense importance to the archæologist. The whole affair was so shameful an example of such an irreparable injury to scholarship that the very stones of ancient Rome ought to cry out against it. And this sort of thing is going on all over Italy at the present day, while the Government refuses to let any foreign school or scholar touch more than the surface of its sacred soil, though the offer is to give the whole of the finds to the Government, and to pay all the expenses, even of Government supervision. Is it not possible for some concerted action to be taken by the scholarly world of other countries, at least to put an end to the authorized looting of classic sites by Italian traders? The treasures of ancient Italy belong to the world. Modern Italy ought to consider herself merely their providential guardian. But she appears to be treating them as Croker treated New York city. May recent events there be of good omen elsewhere!

Incidentally, it may be remarked that Comm. Lanciani appears to go further than necessary in his attempt to make, as always, a readable account of the matter. Why should he treat so sentimentally the suggestion that one of the skeletons may be that of the elder Pliny, who lost his life on that occasion? The account by the younger Pliny is perfectly clear (Ep. vi. 16). His uncle was on the seashore when he died, not under the portico of an inn. And he was not on the Pompeiian side of the Sarno at all, but on that of Stabiæ. Moreover, his body was discovered the next day, or the next but one, by his anxious friends. Does Comm. Lanciani suppose that they left it where it was, or that they transported it across the Sarno, dug away the fallen ashes, and buried it on the porch of the inn? Doubtless the late *scholium* that speaks of the body as finally consigned to the tomb in Sicily is worthless, but such a suggestion of identification as that fathered by Signor Canizzaro, and objected to by Comm. Lanciani only on one slight ground, sounds almost like a joke. And the unromantic student of archæology, though he might conceive how the casual observer of skulls could single out one as "betraying a superior intelligence" on the part of its former owner, might yet doubt how a skeleton dug out of the ground among a lot of others, could show that it belonged to "a person of a noble demeanor." Can osteology go so far as this? E. T. M.

MIDDLETOWN, CONN., November 8, 1901.

LADY ANNE BARNARD.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have no books here to which I might refer for information on a point which has struck me just now on reading your notice of Lady Anne Barnard's 'South Africa a Century Ago.'

Lord Melville was a Scotch peer. There is a monument to him on the Calton Hill in Edinburgh. You say Lady Anne, before her marriage to Andrew Barnard, whom he appointed Secretary of Cape Colony, was Lady Anne Lindsay. That was the name, if my memory serves me rightly, of the author of the lovely Scotch ballad—a highly popular one up to this day in the land of its birth—"Auld Robin Gray." If that lady and the Colonial Secretary's wife were identical, the fact is interesting enough to be noted. It gives this distinguished and, as you describe her, beneficent and attractive woman quite an additional claim to remembrance. A. J. BLOOR.

STONINGTON, CONN., November 1, 1901.

[Our correspondent is quite right in his surmise.—ED. NATION.]

"MALAHACK."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I have accidentally encountered *malahack*, lately the subject of so much discussion in the *Nation*, in an English book. This is Kettner's 'Book of the Table' (1877), a treatise on cookery in its more refined aspects, and including much discussion on the derivation of gastronomic terms. It was published under the name of A. Kettner, proprietor of a celebrated restaurant in London, but was really written by the late Eneas Sweetland Dallas, author of 'The Gay Science,' a gentleman of great accomplishments. Mr. Dallas says: "In provincial English to *malahawk* is to carve awkwardly and cut to pieces." Unfortunately, he does not tell us in which dialects the word occurs. Halliwell, without assigning any authority, gives *mallack* as a Yorkshire word, denoting a violent disturbance, but this is more likely to be cognate with *mellay*.

Mr. Dallas connects *malahack* with *malachi*, a word occurring in old cookery rolls, and explained by him as meaning sliced fowl. *Ma*, he maintains, in mediæval cookery, always denotes *bird*, and for the signification of *lachi* he appeals to Wynkyn de Worde's inventory of terms used in carving. "He says that to carve brawn is to *lesche* it." The word certainly appears as *leach* in the Century Dictionary, with the signification, "slice," both as verb and substantive. I should rather have suspected a connection between "malahack" and "maul"; but it may serve to support Mr. Dallas's theory that, according to Godefroy's Dictionary of Old French, *lesche* means not only *tranche mince*, but *blessure*.

I remain, dear sir, yours, very truly,

RICHARD GARNETT.

HAMPSTEAD, ENGLAND, October 26, 1901.

Notes.

G. P. Putnam's Sons' latest announcements for the autumn are: 'The Mohawk Valley: Its Legends and its History,' by W. Max Reid; a concluding volume in Lyman P. Powell's series, 'Historic Towns of the Western States'; 'History of the Scotch-Irish Families of America,' by Charles A. Hanna; 'Richard Wagner,' by W. J. Henderson; 'The Life of John Ancrum Winslow, Rear-Admiral, U. S. N.,' by Lieut. John M. Elliott; 'William Hamilton Gibson: Artist—Naturalist—Author,' by John Coleman Adams; 'Romance of the Renaissance Châteaux,' by Elizabeth W. Champney; 'The Art of Life,' from the French of R. de Maulde la Clavière, by G. H. Ely; 'Dutch Life in Town and Country,' by P. M. Hough; 'Other Famous Homes of Great Britain,' edited by A. H. Malan; 'Zuñi Folk Tales,' by Frank Hamilton Cushing; '5,000 Facts and Fancies,' a cyclopædia, by William Henry Phyfe; 'Field, Factories, and Workshops,' by Prince Kropotkin; 'Commercial Trusts,' by John R. Dos Passos; 'Shakspere's Plots,' by William H. Fleming; 'The Wild-fowlers; or, Duck-Shooting in the Great Lagoon,' by Charles Bradford; 'Thinking, Feeling, and Doing,' by E. W. Scripture of Yale; 'Mental State of Hystericals,' by Prof. Pierre Janet; 'Short Talks with Young Mothers,' by Dr. Charles Gilmore Keeley; and 'A Memorial to William Steinitz,' containing a selection of his games, by Charles Devidé.

The first volume in Prof. York-Powell's "Great Peoples" series, to be published in this country by D. Appleton & Co., is Arthur Hassall's 'The French People'; and in W. R. Lethaby's "Artistic Crafts" series, 'Bookbinding and the Care of Books,' by Douglas Cockerell. During November, also, the same firm will issue 'While Charlie Was Away,' a novel by Mrs. Poultney Bigelow.

'Italian Sculpture of the Renaissance,' by Lucy J. Freeman, will be published immediately by Macmillan Co.

Shortly to be expected from Henry Holt & Co. is 'The Life and Works of Schiller,' a volume of nearly 500 pages, by Prof. Calvin Thomas of Columbia.

Capt. Mahan's 'Types of Naval Officers' will be published toward the end of the present month by Little, Brown & Co.

Ginn & Co. have nearly ready 'The Teaching of English Grammar, History, and Method,' by Prof. F. A. Barbour, and 'Grammar of the Innuit Language as Spoken by the Eskimos of the Western Coast of Alaska,' by the Rev. Francis Barnum, S. J.

'Minette,' a tale of the First Crusade, by George P. Cram, is in the press of John W. Iliff & Co., Chicago.

'Modern Athens,' by George Horton (Charles Scribner's Sons), is a very at-

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tractive little volume of 90 pages, which skims off the surface of Athenian life and scenes, without the slightest odor of the guide-book. The illustrations, by Mr. Linson, give the touch of poetry which the author has felt and expressed with so much sprightliness and delicacy. Along with this should be mentioned with high praise a short tale by the same author, 'The Tempting of Father Anthony' (Chicago: A. C. McClurg Co.), which deals with the peasants and monasteries of the Peloponnesus, and has caught to perfection the spirit and humors of the idyllic life it describes. The selfish novel-reader who cares nothing about Greece, and is bent simply on his hour of enjoyment, will find it here, and may be ensnared into doubling it by a second reading, while the old traveller who cannot shake off the spell of that leisurely rustic life, set against enchanting landscapes, will renew it in glancing over these chapters, so vivacious and so sympathetic, so full of intimate knowledge and kindly observation.

'The Queen's Comrade: The Life and Times of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough,' by Fitzgerald Molloy (London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: Dodd, Mead & Co.), in two handsome volumes, is another of the contributions to the biography of the Revolution and the reign of Queen Anne so numerous of late. The first and greatest Duchess of Marlborough doubtless deserves a biography quite as much as some of her contemporaries thus honored, for she was an important if not a great figure in a critical period of English history, and had an influence on the course of events which was none the less decisive because it was not recognized by the Constitution. It is, however, doubtful, considering her character and position, whether she deserved just such a biography as this. Mr. Molloy has taken as his peculiar province in his earlier volumes the back stairs, the stage, and the half-world, and in this field of gossip, scandal, and intrigue, he has achieved what there was to achieve. In the present case, as with its predecessors, he can hardly be regarded seriously as either an historian or a biographer; nor does he probably expect to be, for these volumes add little to the illumination of the period they cover. Such history as they contain, like most history of intrigue and conspiracy, treats chiefly of things that either never happened at all, or, having happened, were of little account. For those who care greatly for gossip, even though it be two hundred years old, these volumes will prove enjoyable, for they are readable and even in places entertaining, and fill a gap in biography even if not wisely nor well. They are beautiful pieces of book-making. In one department Mr. Molloy does indeed excel. A budding historical novelist might well take a page from his subheadings.

The fact that, at the end of seven years, Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. have found it advisable to reissue their reprint of Mrs. Trollope's 'Domestic Manners of the Americans,' with the original illustrations (now in a single volume), disproves, we think, Miss Martineau's rather haughty censure of this work. The book was never malevolent, nor a caricature. As a study of American society it was extremely limited, as, indeed, of American life and scenery in general; and the author's generalizations had seldom a sufficient basis. But her observation was keen and just, and her descriptions lively and engaging. She has history to relate, and it will be long before Americans can cease to read her without profit.

'The Spinster Book,' by Myrtle Reed (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is a series of short essays on such subjects as "The Natural History of Proposals" and "The Consolations of Spinsterhood." A genius with the gift of humor might conceivably raise both themes into the plane of literature. How far Miss Reed's handling of this delicate material justifies her attempt to entertain and instruct, may be judged by the following extracts: "There is nothing to cry on which compares with a man's shoulder; almost any man will do at a critical moment; but the clavicle of a lover is by far the most desirable" (p. 30). Again, from p. 90, "Food properly served will attract a proposal at almost any time, especially if it is known that the pleasing viands were of the girl's own making." The most charming covers nowadays enclose, too often, such rubbish as this, not worth the paper on which it is printed, so that we are learning to look with distrust on new books with ornate bindings—a distrust amply justified in the present instance.

Miss H. E. Hersey is well known as an educator of New England girls. It is to be hoped that her imaginary letters 'To Girls' (Boston: Small, Maynard & Co.) will reach their addresses. A college woman herself, trained in the Vassar of twenty-five years ago, Miss Hersey is well-fitted to advise the younger generation. The letters are divided into three groups, dealing with "Education," "Social Relations," and "Personal Conduct." They are extremely sensible and often amusing. The girl who should meet all Miss Hersey's requirements for a gentlewoman would be a prig, but the fear of that remote contingency need not deter the school or college girl from taking to heart a few of these admirable hints for the conduct of life.

The principal article in the Quarterly Statement for October of the Palestine Exploration Fund is Prof. George Adam Smith's notes of a journey through Hauran, in which the old and the new are strangely intermingled. He chronicles the discovery of an Egyptian monument, the second only found in this trans-Jordan region, and calls attention to the large amount of freight traffic on the railway—"grain going out, timber and cloth coming in." The monument has been identified as commemorating a conquest of Seti I., the builder of the great hall of columns at Karnak. Prof. Clermont-Ganneau contributes an interesting note on a Hebrew mosaic inscription recently found in an Arab village in Galilee, which he suggests may have been originally in a Christian church of the fourth century erected by one Joseph of Tiberias, a converted Jew and friend of Constantine, who gave him authority to build churches in Galilee. Other subjects treated are the site of Calvary, Gen. Gordon's "Skull Hill," and the Resurrection. At the annual meeting it was reported that among the more important questions awaiting solution was the disposal of the dead in pre-Israelite and early Israelite times, and the period of the introduction of iron, "a metal seemingly unknown in the earliest periods of pre-Israelite occupation; and the development of various implements —knives, arrow-heads, etc.," and the ethnological position and historical connection of the Philistines with the country.

The Annual Report of the Secretary for Mines and Water Supply of Victoria for 1900 records a slight falling off of the yield of gold as compared with that of 1899, partly attributable to the increased prosperity of other industries, which has given profitable employment to men previously engaged in working the shallow alluvial deposits, and partly to the shutting down of the Berry Consols mine at Creswick after turning out, since it was opened up, 223,320 ounces, and paying in dividends £371,000. The vital question of the ventilation of mines has received unremitting attention; the quality of the air in the deep alluvial and quartz mines is carefully inspected, and regulations are in force which enable miners to work without danger to life or health. Serious consideration has also been given to the problem of how far mining operations under the dredging system could be permitted. It was known that many thousands of acres of auriferous land might be dredged without injury or loss to the agricultural interest, and during the year 110 acres of such land were dredged, producing 21,636 ounces of gold. Numerous maps and plans accompany this volume.

The first Calendar for 1902 to reach us is that issued by R. H. Russell, in twelve oblong ribbon-bound sheets, "The Football Calendar." The upper portion of each sheet carries a drawing by I. B. Hazelton, and the seals of two colleges flank the name of the month. The drawings (albeit, no doubt, aided by photography) are certainly spirited, as the publisher makes claim for them, and devotees of the game will find satisfaction in the pictorial ornamentation as in the useful part of this Calendar.

—With the word Kyx, odd even in the oddest (K) assemblage in our alphabet, the Oxford English Dictionary closes its fifth volume (Henry Frowde). The preface has to tell of more colaborers in this great enterprise who have fallen by the way—no fewer than five (saddest of all) having passed on "without seeing the printed sheets of any portion of the letters at which they worked." Dr. Fitzedward Hall's death is lamented anew. On the other hand, fresh assistance is coming forward, in particular for the more remote languages, adoptions from which distinguish J and K, and illustrate the expansive genius of the English language. "In those pages of K," says Dr. Murray, "which contain the non-English initial combinations *Ka-*, *Kh-*, *Kl-*, *Ko-*, *Kr-*, *Ku-*, *Ky-*, these exotic words may be thought to superabound, yet it would have been easy to double their number if every such word occurring in English books, or current in the English of colonies and dependencies, had been admitted; our constant effort has been to keep down, rather than to exaggerate, this part of 'the white man's burden.'" However restrained, it is this feature which makes an English dictionary a world's thesaurus to an extent unapproachable by any other. One of the outlanders made at home by virtue of English colonization is Kangaroo, which, passing from the aboriginal name of the animal, has come to signify a native of Australia, a chair, a bicycle, and a mining share. The substantive has also begotten a verb, "to jump";

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a Chicago journalist having avoided the commonplace phrase by writing of "those who kangaroo from the foregoing inferences to the conclusion." Kanaka, which the Australians improperly stress on the penult instead of the antepenult, is Hawaiian and South Sea Island for "man." Khaki, so lately *in vogue with us, is, as a fabric,* as old as 1848 in use by Indian troops, and creeps into literature as early as 1857. Its significance is found in its Persian root, 'dust,' referring to its color. Kodak, our American Eastman's creation, in 1890, lines up in appearance with the most primitive antipodal accession. Another Americanism is Kerosene (Kerocene, as Abraham Gesner would have had it in 1854). Instruments of torture like Knout and Koorbash occur in this section of the Dictionary; and though the Boers' Sjambok is neither here nor to be looked for, the Dutch Keelhauling is, and the barbarous practice was abolished in Holland only in 1853. Touching for the King's-evil, we are reminded under the word, lasted till the end of Anne's reign in 1714, and the office for the ceremony was printed in the Prayer-Book down to 1719. We owe the long *e* sound in Key to Scotland; Dryden rhymed it with "day" in 1700. Kinship was unknown to Webster in 1828; it is traced to Mrs. Browning in 1833. Such familiar words as Keep, Kidney, and Kill baffle etymologizing.

—The series entitled "Periods of European History" (Macmillan), which has been edited by Mr. Arthur Hassall, now reaches its close with Mr. W. Allison Phillips's 'Modern Europe.' The set as a whole and its separate volumes are so well known to historical students in this country that we need say little about the conclusion of the work. From first to last a high level of accuracy has been maintained, and in all respects the series speaks well for the quality of historical scholarship at the English universities. We have noticed in more than one of the prefaces an apology or an explanation which was based on the plea that the period in question was long and the field wide. But, while Mr. Phillips's predecessors have freely used the right of stating their difficulties, none of them has had such good cause as he for dwelling upon superhuman obstacles. The historian of the nineteenth century should be endowed with faculties which no one has, or ever will possess. As Mr. Phillips says: "Even were all the chancelleries to yield up their jealously guarded secrets, and all private portfolios opened to students, a scientific history of modern Europe would still be an impossibility, for a hundred lives of mortal men would not suffice for the collation and comparison of the stupendous mass of documents. And so the historian, collecting his materials with misgiving at second, third, and fourth hand, can often at best only make a compromise with truth." All that one can do in a case like this—overwhelmed by materials, closely restricted as to space, and bound by the rules of collaboration—is to select the main incidents, go to the best sources for the facts, and write a plain narrative. Mr. Phillips has recognized his limitations, and the satisfactory character of the present book is due to the exclusion, not merely of secondary subjects, but of unreasonable aspirations. So far as Mr. Phillips can be said to have a leading motive, it is pointed out in the following sentence: "The attempt to establish a 'Confederation of Europe' I have made the central interest of my book, which is mainly occupied with the history of the forces by which this beneficent purpose has been forwarded or retarded." While we are unable to compare this volume with works like those of Fyffe, Seignobos, and Andrews, we can commend it as being an excellent sketch of political history since the Congress of Vienna.

—Mr. G. W. Botsford's 'History of the Orient and Greece' (The Macmillan Co.) is an elementary handbook intended for the use of schools and academies, and furnished with sample examination-papers in the old-fashioned manner. Like Professor Mahaffy's 'Survey of Greek Civilization,' it endeavors to describe, in some 350 pages, Greek origins, history, art, and literature. Thus to cover the ground from the pyramid-builders and Buddha to Alexander the Great, with a glance at modern Greece, involves a summary method. Mr. Botsford has, however, given the reader a chance of expanding in all the directions so barely indicated, by adding lists of authorities and parallel reading to every chapter. The writer is well known as an historian of Greece and Rome, and we need not say that the work is, as far as it may be, scholarly and in all respects up to date. While his style lacks Mr. Mahaffy's brilliance and vigor, his statements are on the whole more sound. In a work where so much has to be left for the riper age of the student, we could have wished that Mr. Botsford had treated the shadowy but effective personality of the traditional Homer with more reverence. Plato allows certain useful fictions to be employed in the education of the young. We believe that the modern scientific view of the authorship of the Homeric poems is a counsel of perfection that should be reserved until the student has had the advantage in his greener youth of a belief in that impressive figure, the "blind man who dwells in Chios' rocky isle"—a conception that inspired Milton and Keats, and to which all English poets have clung. There are even some good scholars left who are willing to err with Mr. Andrew Lang rather than accept such a "Homer" as Mr. Botsford presents to the ardent youthful mind. "By the name 'Homer,'" he says (p. 10), "we mean any one of the minstrels who helped to make either the Iliad or the Odyssey." Keats's sonnet on Chapman's Homer would do the average boy a world more good than this definition. It is to the delighted fancy of the young that we must appeal if their early Greek studies are to mean more to them than their chemistry lessons. Mr. Botsford's illustrations are excellent.

—Mr. Frederic Rowland Marvin compiles and Fleming H. Revell Co. publish 'The Last Words (Real and Traditional) of Distinguished Men and Women.' The fine motto from Shakspere on the title-page is hardly justified by the compilation. The wonder is that where so many examples are brought together, so few are in any way remarkable. Many are commonplaces of the sickroom and death-chamber, so trivial that one expects to find Henry Clay's "Unbutton my shirt-collar," for there are many of this kind. Hardly more interesting are the accents of a conventional piety, of which we have a good many. It is evident that histrionic persons do not forget their art in their extremity. It would seem as if the artists are most apt to dwell *in articulo mortis* on their particular work. Thus, we have John Crome's "O Hobbema, Hobbema, how I do love thee!" Fuseli's "Is Lawrence come?" and Gainsborough's "We are all going to Heaven, and Vandyke is of the company." A few of these last words are noble, like Arria's *Non dolet, Pœte;* some very pathetic—Burns's "Don't let the awkward squad fire over me," and Calhoun's "The South, the South, what will become of her?" Others are grim enough—Lord Thurlow's "I'll be shot if I don't believe I'm dying," and William Collingborn's "Lord Jesus! yet more trouble?" Some of the more noted "infidels" are tagged with their appropriate recantations, and Thomas Paine is particularly ill-treated in his explanatory note; but, in general, Mr. Marvin seems to have a kindly feeling for the heretics. Some of the explanatory notes are admirable. Sometimes, where we need one, there is none, as in the case of Buckle's "Poor little boys!" The bad people seem to have acquitted themselves quite as admirably as their betters, at the parting of the ways.

—'The Soul of a Cat' (Putnams), by Margaret Benson, is a tastefully illustrated little book of clever character studies, not biographies, of pets in an English home, five cats, two dogs, two parrots, several domestic fowls, and a family of robins. Its main purpose is to show that each animal has, like each man, its own peculiarities of disposition. Ra, the Persian cat, for instance, was as treacherous as he was beautiful; ready to sink his needle-like teeth into the hand that caressed him an instant too long. Persis, his grandmother, "a troubled little soul of a cat," craved human love so passionately that she even hated her own kittens when they became old enough to be her rivals. Though none of the animals described were remarkably intelligent, the author's sympathetic observation has revealed much of interest in them, and may help other people to get a better understanding of their own pets. The reader recognizes her accuracy of description in little details of appearance and action, which he finds he has often noticed, though only subconsciously; as when she shows the collie "standing four-square" above the little quarrelsome terrier that he has knocked down, and "smiling over the grizzled head snapping helplessly between his feet"; or the cat Sandy refusing to stay where he was put, "keeping his muscles tense, like a coiled spring, and, as soon as the grasp slackened, carrying out quite slowly and deliberately his first intention." The last chapter discusses the natures of the cat and the dog, and compares their traits. It is interesting and suggestive, but cannot be regarded as a scientific contribution to animal psychology.

—The once-amusing "Gyp" seems to have lapsed into a painful decadence, and is taking her anti-Semitism very hard. Her late novel 'Le Friquet' is a mere explosion of hatred against the Jews. All its bad characters are of that race, while it is to be regretted that its good ones are not more Christian. Le Friquet (a nickname signifying a lively little character like that of a sparrow) is a waif picked up by the roadside, and now at the age of fifteen a quaint, comely child and a star performer in Jacobson's American Circus. She is maltreated

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by Jacobson, so she says, though Jacobson calls her a *menteuse*, and from her later conduct we do not feel at all positive about the question of veracity. She is saved and taken charge of by the Schlemmers, a rich banker and his beautiful wife. The principal part of her time thereafter seems to be devoted to describing this banker and those of his race as *sales youtres* and *youpins*, which is about equivalent to "sheenies." "Probably he is a Dreyfusite," she at once reflects. She goes about on horseback and on foot, at Saint-Séverin-sur-Mer, where the scene of the story is laid, repeating that though those people brought more or less profit to the seaside folk, they were, and ought to be, detested, and saying: "It's a pity there are so many Jews at Saint-Séverin; it keeps away the other bathers; it's a veritable calamity." The rule is laid down that it makes no difference whether a Jew is converted to Christianity or not (Schlemmer, for instance, is one only by race, and is an intimate friend of the parish priest and interested in the good works of the district). For, says she, "If you baptize a negro, he doesn't become white, does he?" Madame Schlemmer, a beauty of an old and exclusive family, who has married for the comforts of a home and to have the spending of an income of $200,000 a year or more, is represented as a noble, pensive character. She has done quite enough in being true to the banker for some years, and, after that, she is free to take the scornful Hubert de Ganges for a lover, and do as she pleases; it is the proper sort of treatment to mete out to such a husband; it serves him right for being a *youtre*. In short, 'Le Friquet' is a detestable book that leaves a bad taste in the mouth. It is not likely that it represents much more than "Gyp" herself, grown senile and crabbed.

RECENT NOVELS.

The Eternal City. By Hall Caine. D. Appleton & Co.

The Right of Way. By Gilbert Parker. Harper & Brothers.

Tristram of Blent. By Anthony Hope. McClure, Phillips & Co.

Kim. By Rudyard Kipling. Doubleday, Page & Co.

Of late years, the study of prose fiction has been very much the fashion. The novel has been honored by mention in the curricula of some universities, and its development has been traced by learned professors from primitive forms towards a presumably perfect form called the "Inevitable." The Inevitable novel is supposed to represent very closely actual, average, everyday life; mere narrative is of small importance, and in the best specimens there is no story at all. Though not deeply attached to theories demonstrating the orderly scientific development of any art, we have always been open to persuasion, and willing to believe that our leading novelists, at least, had passed beyond temptation to use the baser devices of their predecessors. At this moment, however, there is a mass of evidence at hand discouraging to such a liberal attitude and tending to discredit the conclusions of professors. It may be that, just now, the novel is in a throes of reversion, and that those leading novelists who are writing indescribably bad books are unfortunate victims of obscure forces that control man and his destiny, and put the wise to shame. But one of the most lively feelings derived from a conscientious reading of their books is a desire to hold them to individual responsibility.

If it were not for the prominence of Mr. Hall Caine's leadership, his chaotic work, 'The Eternal City,' might most profitably be left for comment to the flippancies of comic journalism. But to dismiss with a joke a man who has written so much, has been read and praised so much, is to behave disrespectfully to him and to the clergymen who have declared that this rather nasty and blasphemous book is a powerful, epoch-making performance. It is no secret that Mr. Caine took immense trouble to get up the 'Eternal City.' He went to live in Rome for that purpose; he told every one whom he met there why he had come, and at intervals, through the press, he let an anxious world know how his great work was getting on. The conception on which the assumed greatness rests is less original than sublime, embracing the somewhat familiar yet always inspiring vision of human society made perfect. The plan includes narration of events that lead to revolution, revolution itself, a king's abdication, a pope's renunciation of the papal claim to temporal power, the establishment in Rome of a republic, and the spectacle of the people, "divinely commissioned to govern themselves," doing so justly, wisely, and incorruptibly. The persons who participate in what may be called the world-drama, advancing or retarding the issue, and who at the same time conduct a private melodrama of a lurid hue, are necessarily very important persons in the world of ideas, politics, and society.

These tremendous movements in general, their essential meaning, the methods by which they might be made to appear worthy, rational, and possible, the character and capacity of people chosen and choosing to carry them on, seem to us matters beyond Mr. Caine's power of realization by force either of intellect or of imagination. He has frequently proved his ability to tell a touching story of love and sorrow and sin, and to develop from the clash of circumstance with sentiment and passion a dramatic action sometimes culminating in impressive tragedy. So long as he was content to write about simple creatures, with simple notions of the meaning of life, he wrote well, capturing people through their instinctive sympathies and emotions, concealing a serious deficiency, that of not knowing how to think. As soon as he left his island home to pose as a critic of a complex society, he began to reveal a mind without continuity or precision, a bat-like blindness about motives and consequences, and very wild misconceptions of morality. These serious defects were noticeable in 'The Christian,' and are, in proportion to its greater pretension, more conspicuous in 'The Eternal City.' The arguments for social revolt are pitifully inadequate for the great result assumed; the action is involved to the point of incoherence; the people to whom the author ascribes intellect, worldly wisdom, splendor, and power for wonderful achievement are crude, misguided Manxmen trying to play a game they cannot understand, achieving nothing but some theatrical situations and severe shocks to a conservative sense of propriety.

To particularize—Rossi's speeches and manifestoes (printed in italics) have neither originality nor lucidity nor passion; they have only length and dulness, like his love-letters. He quotes Scripture in a tasteless way, assumes vulgarly an intimacy with the will of God, and for the rest might be a parrot of the eighteenth century (parrots often live to a great age), who had caught the cant phrases of the time perfectly, but missed the combination. So the Prime Minister, Count Bonelli, the Pope, many eminencies and excellencies chatter for pages quite unashamed of their vacuous minds, and always standing ready to do anything foolish or tawdry or spectacular. But it is in contemplating the splendor of Roma, daughter of the princely house of Volunna, that Mr. Caine abandons common sense and common decency. Almost any chapter in which she appears might be quoted in support of this rude accusation, but one incident seems conclusive. The wicked Baron Bonelli, wishing to prevent her marriage with Rossi, has reminded her coarsely that she is his wife "according to the law of nature," and that if Rossi should be acquainted with the actual situation, he might not like it, might resent the lies she had told him, might, in fact, withdraw from the proposed union. Roma, having reviewed her predicament in detail, speaks to the Baron:

> "Well, everything seems over now. I will not trouble anybody much longer. I will break with the past altogether, and leave everything behind me. In any case, I must have left this place soon. I am in debt to the landlord and to Madame Sella and to . . . to everybody. Perhaps when I am gone you will send somebody to settle up. . . . Do as you please with what I have, and if there is anything short, perhaps you will make it up in memory of all that has happened."

In our language the words are harsh which soberly describe a woman who in such a position makes such a speech. Yet the epithet which Mr. Caine delights to attach to Roma is pure, and he permits his Pope to say that her soul is "like the soul of the Mother of God herself."

In representations of Bulwer Lytton's now almost forgotten play, "Money," a gloomy figure used to occupy the back of the stage, who, shaking his head, would mutter an uncivil jingle about the fool that had been sent to Rome excelling greatly the fool that had been kept at home. In our long journey through 'The Eternal City' we have been constantly attended by that melancholy, muttering man.

It would be unjust to describe Mr. Gilbert Parker's 'Right of Way' as a better novel than 'The Eternal City,' or a novel representing a more advanced stage of the art of fiction, but, being shorter and not so pretentious, it is less exasperating. It is a machine-made tale of the baser sort, dealing with murder, robbery, seduction, and sliding panels. The scene is laid in the city of Montreal and in a village called Chaudière, somewhere on the St. Lawrence. Mr. Parker appears to have consecrated his talent to Canada, and has hitherto dealt picturesquely and profusely with the French régime—a period that was chiefly devoted to war and the chopping of trees of the forest. He has come, perhaps unconsciously, to associate deeds of violence with Canada, and he certainly sees life there as a perpetual grand opera going on for centuries, rather rich in prancing heroes and

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villains, and with unlimited reserves of populace and villagers in costume. This operatic view of place and people naturally begets a vast indifference to some things which, if mentioned at all, demand, for the sake of sustaining illusion, consistency of statement, if not accuracy. Among these things are time and space and reasonable probability in coincidence. Thus, the days when the cry of the loon and the ping of the lonely settler's axe were familiar sounds within five miles of Montreal were not the days when English law-courts had already been established, and when Englishmen had dwelt for four generations in mansions "on the hill, among the maples." It is difficult to believe that, at the time when Canadians made journeys on rafts in summer and by dog-train in winter, they also enjoyed the blessing of a daily post, that society journalism was not unknown, that a convent-bred girl of Chaudière spoke English fluently and enjoyed the English classics, and that a famous surgeon came casually from France, bringing his instruments with him, foreseeing that he should be called upon to perform the operation of trepanning in the Canadian wilderness.

In matters that cannot come within the operatic purview, such as characterization, psychological development, sin, redemption, salvation, Mr. Parker misses probability, sometimes sadly and sometimes grotesquely. Like Mr. Caine, he does not seem to have observed in life (or arrived by reflection at the fact) that certain acts are perfectly conclusive as to character, and that to try to reconcile them with good morals is to show one's self either a maudlin sentimentalist or blind to obvious distinction between good and evil. It is, for instance, at once ridiculous and revolting to tell us that a man seriously conscious of sin, and already fairly regenerate, seduces an innocent and loving maiden, even if she has entered his house at an unconventional hour, and interrupted his reading of an account of the Oberammergau Passion Play. By calling in the assistance of the Roman Catholic Church to receive and absolve their sinners at the point of death, both Mr. Caine and Mr. Parker seem to make confession of failure to establish by argument their assumptions and assertions. The most objectionable feature of their objectionable books is the wanton association of religion and bad morals. But a church which has suffered and lived through many reverses and much contumely will doubtless survive an unholy alliance forced upon it by irresponsible novelists.

The fiction written by Mr. Anthony Hope has generally shown an instinct for form and a sense of style, informing his vision of romantic persons and situations, exalting drawing-room dialogue among the fine arts, controlling the length of the tale and construction of sentences. In 'Tristram of Blent' these rather rare qualities are hardly discernible, and Mr. Hope appears most of the time to be sparring for wind, groping about, purposeless, viewless, bewildered, and bewildering. The situation round which the action revolves is too slight for a long book. Before the author decides to stop, the reader has ceased to care whether the hero was born on the 22d or 23d of July, whether he is really Tristram of Blent (a high and mighty personage) or nobody at all. There is matter enough for a smart whimsical tale, and its expansion into a dull novel is a conscienceless performance. In construction, characterization, dialogue, there is neither skill, nor probability, nor point. The work is perfunctory, as if the workman had neither heart nor interest, or as if he worked when half asleep. In two or three scenes he wakes up, seeming to realize that he has been doing badly, and makes an effort to recover his self-esteem. The scene in which Tristram renounces Blent is an instance of the fine effect on the romantic vision of the sense for style; and, again, when Tristram takes back his own, the style of the action and talk convinces us that "the Tristram way" is, in moments of emergency, a very distinguished way. The final word of praise in literary judgment is distinction. Since Stevenson, no English writer of fiction except Mr. Hope has deserved such praise. It can hardly be questioned that 'The Prisoner of Zenda' and the first volume of 'Dolly Dialogues' have distinction—that is, something which includes most of the literary qualities that can be named, with a quality making for perfection that can't. It is hard to forgive Mr. Hope for writing a book which almost any one who writes at all might have done better. He cannot be excused as a victim of a reactionary movement, because 'Tristram of Blent' is not an example of a primitive, poor kind of novel, but a wretched specimen of the novel in an advanced stage of development.

At this dismal moment Mr. Kipling appears opportunely, offering 'Kim,' to redeem his decadent brethren. 'Kim' is neither a novel nor a romance, but an imaginative tale of a kind long known and perpetually interesting. Its literary lineage has been clearly traced from the "boy and beggar" tales and plays of the fifteenth century, down through the Spanish picaresque (rogue) tales of the sixteenth, Le Sage's 'Gil Blas,' and a distinguished English ancestry, including the early Elizabethans, taking on a definite national expression in Defoe's 'Robinson Crusoe.' However widely these tales vary in scene, time, and treatment, they are essentially alike. They are tales of adventure on the high-road, the sea, at home, or in a foreign land, and the hero is a youthful vagabond, sometimes accompanied by an aged master or friend, and sometimes wandering alone in quest of fame or fortune, always a vagrant born. It is to the vagrant instinct, never extinguished by civilization, that the tale of the rogue and the road for ever appeals, always recognized as old and always as good as new. All these tales, from the earliest to the latest, are realistic, for they rely on exact observation and report of actual events, and on literal description of the manners and appearance of the people encountered by the way; they avoid extravagance and exaggeration, and they closely reflect human nature—unfortunately its evil side more often than its good. Great frankness, even license, of speech is conspicuous in this vagabond literature.

'Kim' is a perfect example of vagabond literature, with the old tricks almost magically transformed by a master modern hand, with the old crude, hard, superficial views of humanity wonderfully softened and liberalized, yet never sentimentalized, and all permeated with the subtlety and mysticism of the Orient. Discussion as to whether Kim is an actual or probable boy, or the lama a common, or an exceptional, or an impossible lama, is a foolish waste of energy. To be incapable of taking them as they are, just as they are given to us, without regret for what is or desire for what is not, is to confess one's self without imagination, and almost without the sympathetic power to receive an imaginative impression delivered either by shock or sustained attack. To those who must (by the law of their being) miss the meaning and the beauty of 'Kim,' are still left many minor matters of delight. No book about India that we know describes the country and people at once so vividly and comprehensively. As a picture of Oriental life, it may be compared for force of impression with Mr. Morier's 'Hajji Baba of Ispahan,' but the impression is given by very different methods. Mr. Morier's Persian tale is crowded with figures, overflows with detail of manners and customs; and the feeling that it is a truthful, minutely accurate picture is forced upon us by the spectacle of his abundant knowledge. Mr. Kipling's impression is made by his unerring selection of the significant, and by his reckless way of using the significant for all it is worth. In the sketches of "Hurree Babu," of "The Woman of Kulu," "The Woman of Shamlegh," we have perhaps never had a story-teller except Kipling who, in deference to his own sense of propriety or his public's, would not have drawn the line just where the Oriental definitely proclaims himself, and is therefore never identified with the European and never forgotten. It must be said for Mr. Kipling that he never weakens his effect by reference to our conventions—one might almost say, by yielding to an inopportune visitation of the Anglo-Saxon sense of decency. In comparing 'Kim' with Mr. Kipling's former work, we feel those remarkable qualities which have been recognized from the first, and in addition a deeper thought about life, a fuller realization of its best meaning. The relation between Kim and his lama is shown with profound sentiment, kept in check by a constant irony full of laughter; and the moral of the tale (if a moral be demanded) can be easily drawn from the devotion of the master and the Chela: by love alone are we freed from the slavery typified by the "Wheel of Things," and by the free gift of love do we "acquire merit."

BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.

Most nautical literature strains credulity to the verge of collapse. As a matter of fact, life at sea is wearisomely monotonous; startling incidents are rare, and, when they do come, they are apt to be so crowded with peril that details pass unobserved in anxiety for personal safety. Interrogate an old sailor-man in regard to his seafaring career, and he will exhaust his repertory of actual dangers encountered in a narrative of fifteen minutes' duration. He is more apt to recall a deficiency of "plum-duff" on some particular voyage than he is to remember the kind of adventures with which writers of sea-books regale us. 'A Year in a Yawl,' by Russell Doubleday (Doubleday, Page & Co.), is an instance in point. From start to finish it keeps us in a condition of nervous apprehension with its succession of lurid pictures of personal peril, and in one

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instance of pecuniary peril, which, to the sensitive (or, rather, impecunious) mind, will convey a more vivid idea of appalling disaster than does a grip from the jaws of a "man-eating" shark—a fish for whose identification a large reward has been offered. The only really wearisome feature of the book is the ceaseless, day-and-night chatter of the characters. There is no cessation of it, and, if actually indulged in in the way it is presented, it would have required the enlistment of two expert stenographers to record.

The book, vouched for as being a narrative of actual experience, tells of the building, launching, and rigging of a thirty-foot boat, on Lake Michigan, by four young men. In seamanship they were trained in a good school, on the great lake where the winds are more violent and treacherous, and the waves more rugged, than are those of the Atlantic. The youths, amid a shower of parental tears, sail for Chicago. Thence, they proceed through the canal to the Mississippi, down that river to the Gulf of Mexico, across its waters to the west and east coasts of Florida, and up the Atlantic Coast (stopping at various ports) to Chesapeake Bay; thence by canal to the Delaware; up that stream to Bordentown, thence again by canal to the Raritan; from there to the Hudson, up that river to Albany; then by canal to the lakes and home—in all, a sail of 7,000 miles. There is no halt in the narrative—excepting always the padded gabble of the garrulous young sailors. The reader is carried from one danger to another with a rapidity and verve which adolescence will greet with spontaneous enthusiasm. The illustrations are remarkably fine. They are reproduced, in halftone, from photographs. Two may be specially noted: that on page 327, "Swaying on the Halliards," and the one on page 365, "The *Gazelle* raced with the flying spray into port." The last, taken from the leescuppers of the craft close hauled in a "rattling" breeze, is most spirited.

Dickens is not a writer who lends himself to selections, and his studies of child-life are, for the most part, too harrowing to be taken out of the humorous context which, to some extent, relieves their effect of sordid misery. In 'Ten Boys from Dickens' (R. H. Russell) Miss Kate Sweetser presents the stories of Oliver Twist, Paul Dombey, and other familiar figures, extracting them from their context with the necessary omissions, and editing them with explanatory paragraphs. It is a thankless task. The plots of Dickens's novels are too closely woven for such picking out of the threads, and these selections have a fragmentary air which will not endear them to the true Dickensian. They are lugubrious reading for the young people to whom they are addressed, and would certainly prove revolting to the sense of justice and reality of the American boy or girl, who knows little, and need not learn so much as is here given, of the unrelieved horrors of London slums half a century ago. Nor can we praise the illustrations, which are an important feature of this handsome volume, and are probably its *raison d'être*. Some of the single heads are not so bad, but the backgrounds of the full-page illustrations are usually poor, and the general effect of the latter is occasionally even repulsive, as in the case of the drawing of Tommy Traddles at page 44.

We note with pleasure the reappearance in holiday dress of that charming book 'Heart,' a schoolboy's journal translated from the Italian 'Cuore' of Edmondo De Amicis by Isabel F. Hapgood (T. Y. Crowell & Co.). It comes to us this year with illustrations which, if of no particular artistic value, will serve to aid the child's imagination in following the life of the little Italian boy whose heart is revealed in the journal. Miss Hapgood has done well to keep closely to the text, preserving the straightforward, simple diction of the boy who writes the journal. The story is already so well known that it needs no further recommendation here.

In 'The Chinese Boy and Girl' (Fleming H. Revell Co.), Prof. Isaac Taylor Headland of the Peking University gives us a second revelation of child life in the Middle Kingdom. Whoever argues from the solemnity of the adult "Mongolian," in a strange land, that the Chinese at home must have a sad boyhood, will be undeceived on reading this pleasing book. It is as full of fun, in its way, as the preceding 'Chinese Mother Goose Rhymes' of the same observing and careful scholar; and the scores of photographic reproductions of toys and Pekinese little folks at play are fascinating. There are also pictures galore by native artists in their own style. The nursery rhymes on fingers and toes, nose and mouth, are (as with us) associated with pigs, cows, going to market, or in some way with the problem of satisfying that aching void to which a baby's mouth is the entrance. The games played by boys seem rough enough to afford good exercise, and those for girls sufficiently enticing to keep them out of mischief. We enter real funland when we get at the toys, for certainly the Chinese maker of camels, donkeys, cats, and dogs has never feared to mould and paint and stuff, as Dr. Holmes did to write, "as funny as he could"; with over-fat puppies, elephants, and dromedaries he has outdone himself. With the block games, all the folk-lore, heroes of the nursery, famous poets, giants, and giant-killers can be represented by means of squares and triangles—even the drunken poet who insists on seizing the moon's reflection in the water and is drowned. Travelling jugglers and the itinerant showmen form a great army in China, and for fractions of a penny furnish the little folk with entertainment by the hour. For children of any growth, this book will afford endless amusement and reveal a new and unsuspected China. It makes two worlds kin. As a study in sociology the book has scientific value.

In his 'Don Quixote,' and still more in his 'Story of the Cid for Young People' (Crowell), Mr. Calvin Dill Wilson has performed a much-needed piece of work. The latter story has never before been put into language and form within the range of a child's understanding. This abridgment is founded upon Southey's translation. Mr. Wilson's treatment shows discrimination in the use and arrangement of details, in the simplification of the vocabulary, and in the omission of cumbersome material. As in his 'Don Quixote,' the historic atmosphere is preserved. The illustrations, by Mr. T. W. Kennedy, add greatly to the interest and value of the book for children.

'The Boy's Odyssey,' by Walter Copland Perry (Macmillan), is a neat volume of 200 pages, founded on Butcher & Lang's translation, and largely preserving the archaic diction of that work, which is possibly not so well suited to youngsters as the transparent and poetic simplicity of Church's 'Story of the Odyssey.' The condensation is done with skill and taste, and will answer for children of seven years and upwards.

The external appearance given to Charles Kingsley's 'The Heroes' (R. H. Russell) and the whole typographical scheme are extremely attractive. The full-plate color designs and the pen-and-ink bands and tail-pieces are pseudo-classic, and are out of key with the English of the text or the fabled spirit of antiquity. Such a face and figure as those ascribed to Andromeda at page 40 show how far the illustrator is from being imbued with a sense of what he works in. On the other hand, both series of illustrations occasionally attain to a praiseworthy decorative effect, and much, as we have hinted, may be forgiven to the unusual beauty of the letter-press.

Decidedly there is a set in the flood of children's books this year towards the quarto form. Such was the shape given to the meritorious 'Kids of Many Colors' lately noticed by us, and such that adopted for Mrs. Josephine Peary's 'The Snow Baby' (Frederick Stokes Co.), a life-history of the Arctic explorer's child, born, as is well known, in Greenland, while he was who knew where in the still further north? Mrs. Peary, of the historic stock of Diebitsch, showed a more than soldierly courage in this unique experience, and her narrative will appeal to all mothers and will interest many children, to whom it may well be a door to knowledge and imagination concerning polar mysteries and adventure. Numerous excellent photographs of scenery and native inhabitants give substance to the information conveyed. Peary's removal of the great meteoric stone forms a part of the story. Quarto again is 'Urchins at the Pole' (Stokes), and quite other than the foregoing; all in rhyme, and given over to fancy, and admitting to its equal sky the mermaid and the walrus. The urchins themselves are a sort of water Brownies. There is humor in both the verse and the illustrations, but it is not of a rare order. 'The Surprise Book' (Stokes) contains more than one good design in black and white by Albertine Randall Wheelan, like that of the boy and snail upon the beach; the versifying is correct, often bright, and sufficiently seasoned with puns. The "surprise" consists in the pictures being needed to explain the verse. 'Charades,' the book might have been called. 'The Golliwogg's "Auto-Go-Cart"' (Longmans) carries the absurdity of the jointed dolls and their strange companion a step further, in keeping with the latest mania in locomotion, and maintains the level of ingenuity and fun reached in the beginning by this queer conceit of the Sisters Upton. In more (but not wholly) serious vein is 'Jingleman Jack' (Akron, O.: Saalfield Publishing Co.), the jingles, of a humorous sort, being by James O'Dea, the colored pictures by Messrs. Kennedy and Costello, who represent more realistically than artistically a great variety of trades and occupations. W. W. Denslow's 'Mother Goose' (McClure, Phillips & Co.) is done in bright colors, with bold hand-lettering for the Melodies, and is sure to attract any child—for which reason a lit-

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tle more refinement and restraint in the humor were desirable. This is supplied in 'Old King Cole's Book of Nursery Rhymes' (Macmillan), which quite outshines all these quartos in beauty of design and coloring, and so may properly end the list—for the present.

Memories of a Musical Life. By William Mason. The Century Co.

In reading the life of a musician, one usually expects to be told that he got his special gifts from his mother. Dr. William Mason, whose seventieth birthday was celebrated on January 24, 1899, by his many pupils and friends, and who now tells the story of his life in Europe and America, is an exception to this rule. His father was Lowell Mason, one of the most prominent figures in the history of American music early in the last century. He was for five years President and director of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston; it was through his efforts that music was introduced into the Boston public schools; and Dr. Mason thinks the difference between Boston and New York as musical centres is largely due to his father: "He made Boston a self-developing city. New York has received its musical culture from abroad." Lowell Mason was also very successful as a writer of hymn tunes. His missionary hymn, "From Greenland's Icy Mountains," "has been sung in more languages than any other sacred tune, . . . and one of his collections of sacred melodies brought him in over a hundred thousand dollars."

Dr. Mason got the benefit of this success by being able to study abroad from 1849 to 1854. During these years he met and got more or less intimately acquainted with many of the most distinguished composers and players of the time, and he has plenty of interesting things to tell about them, without ever becoming garrulous or pedantic. The list of the eminent men he came in contact with is formidable: Wagner, Liszt, Rubinstein, Brahms, Raff, Meyerbeer, Moscheles, Schumann, Klindworth, Joachim, Wieniawski, Vieuxtemps, Ole Bull, Wilhelmj, Von Bülow, Grieg, etc. Liszt, naturally, is in the foreground, not only because Mason was Liszt's pupil, but because it was through him that he became acquainted with many of the other musicians just named.

Dr. Mason's narrative of his experiences at Weimar is interesting; but, although aided by extracts from his diary, it lacks the minute details which a woman's eye is more apt to see than a man's, and which make Miss Amy Fay's description of her lessons with Liszt (in her 'Music-Study in Germany') so vivid and fascinating. Like all the other pupils of the great pianist, Dr. Mason bears witness that he took technique for granted, and gave all his attention to interpretation and expression: "He never taught in the ordinary sense of the word. During the entire time that I was with him, I did not see him give a regular lesson in the pedagogical sense." From Dr. Mason's playing, Liszt's teaching "eradicated much that was mechanical, stilted, and unmusical." Concerning Liszt's own playing, we read that "he was very fond of strong accents in order to mark off periods and phrases, and he talked so much about strong accentuation that one might have supposed that he would abuse it, but he never did." "His genius flashed through every pianistic phrase; it illuminated a composition to its innermost recesses." Rubinstein said to William Steinway: "Put all the rest of us together, and we would not make one Liszt."

Of Rubinstein's playing, Liszt had a high opinion, though the writer thinks that he rated Tausig higher and regarded him as the best of all his pupils. Brahms Liszt did not admire; and Dr. Mason tells us that "the pianoforte-playing of Brahms was far from finished or even musical. His tone was dry and devoid of sentiment, his interpretation inadequate, lacking style and contour." He paid little attention to the expression marks in the pianoforte part of Schumann's quartet (op. 47), and "quite overpowered the stringed instruments." Dr. Mason is evidently not one of those who allow themselves to be intimidated by a fad or fashion. He has even the courage to say that Beethoven's sonatas, though fine *per se*, are not pianistic, not idiomatic. "Had he written them for orchestra, we should have had thirty-two symphonies."

One of Dr. Mason's idols has always been Schumann. When he was in Leipzig, Schumann was still so far from being appreciated that whenever he came to his publishers with a new manuscript under his arm, the clerks would nudge one another and laugh. When Mason came back to New York and asked for some Schumann pieces in a music-store, he found that they were on hand, but packed away in a bundle and kept in the basement. Another of his idols for whose appreciation he labored was Chopin. He has some very pertinent and sensible remarks (pp. 243-247) concerning the excessively fast *tempi* that so many players of our time use. He thinks that Chopin's music is being not only electrified but "electrocuted."

As might be expected in the case of one who has been a piano-teacher for half a century, there are not a few useful hints to students scattered through these pages—hints regarding touch and expression in particular. If pianists pondered the following, there would be fewer failures in the concert hall: "All music is full of nuances and accents of greater or less intensity, to which pupils hardly ever give any attention, although they are necessary in order to give due expression to rhythm. They correspond to vocal accents in reading aloud or in declamation." A remedy for self-consciousness, which also leads to many failures, is indicated on page 79.

The last chapter is somewhat disappointing, as the title, "Music in America To-day," leads one to expect interesting details regarding eminent American composers whom Dr. Mason has known, whereas it is devoted chiefly to some of the latest pianistic visitors from Europe. However, some of the Americans, including Paine and MacDowell, are touched on in other chapters, and of special interest are the revelations regarding the early musical life of Mr. Theodore Thomas, whose associate in New York the author was for years. To sum up, Dr. Mason has written an autobiography which must be included in the small list of musical books that have a permanent value.

Rugs, Oriental and Occidental, Antique and Modern: A Handbook for Ready Reference. By Rosa Belle Holt. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co. 1901.

This book is certainly comprehensive in its scope, its title as wide as the earth, as long as past time. Here are Eastern and Western, old and new "rugs," from the silk carpet of the East to the Navajo blanket and American Sabatos. As its title-page further says, it is a "Handbook for Ready Reference," "to enable a novice to appreciate the beauty and interest attaching to rugs, and to assist a prospective purchaser in judging of the merits of any particular rug he may desire to possess." For one who knows nothing of Oriental carpets, to whom Persian, Turkish, Caucasian are but names, who cannot distinguish handmade and machine work, the book is a mine of information. It is, in fact, written for the ignorant but interested public, who are many, and not for the carpet students, who are few. Its importance and worth lie in its putting together in convenient form, systematically and with accuracy, a large amount of practical knowledge on a subject which hitherto, with rare exceptions, has been treated in large expensive publications, often in a foreign language. Its style is very simple and untechnical, without a suspicion of æsthetic enthusiasm, even in the half-page given to the great museum carpets and those of noble houses in Europe—the flower of Oriental carpet-tying. Every book on antique Eastern carpets should spare a few lines at least in description of the great *Jagdteppich;* and while a print—as in Riegl's book—can only faintly suggest its beauty, who has not gained something from a plaster cast of the Venus of Milo or a print of the Sistine Madonna? The black-and-white pictures of this book are far better than the colored plates; both are sufficient in number and illustrative of the text. A convenient map is a good feature. The bibliography looks excessively full, until we hunt in vain for the large Vienna work on Oriental carpets, or any reference to Bode's work, or any mention of editions.

Miss Holt's use of the word "Rug" is the accepted American one. Europeans draw sharper distinctions—the German word *Teppich* being qualified by *Fuss-teppich* for the floor, *Wand-teppich* for the wall, and *Möbel-teppich* for furniture- or other covering. The English practically use the words in the same way: carpet for the floor, hanging for the wall, and rug for a furniture- or other covering. The Englishman covers himself and his divan with a rug. In most English and German writings on the subject, carpet and *Teppich* are generally used, and particularly "*Oriental* carpets," "*orientalische* Teppiche."

Chapter i., on the "History of Rug-Weaving," makes one long for German thoroughness. The practical points of work and commercial conditions are well described. Considering that there are no special illustrations, the descriptions of methods of tying, looms, designs, are as clear as words can make them. Pictures are needed to show the different knots particularly; also, more emphasis should be laid on the various regular trade designs used in the East to-day, and on the extent to which they have degenerated from their purer prototypes. This degeneration in Eastern designs is an even larger question than the use of aniline dyes. Improvement in the permanence of these

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dyes has somewhat changed the practical, though not the artistic, objection to them. It is not so much vegetable dyes in antique carpets that we kneel to in adoration as it is the great influence of *time* on *color*. The virtue of vegetable dyes lies in what time gives them, not in what it takes away from them. The comparative fineness of carpets, rated by number of tyings to the square inch, receives no special attention here, in contrast to Mumford's excellent tables.

Chapter ii. is given to "Rug-Weaving in Egypt, Persia, and Turkey"; chapter iii. to "Rug-Weaving in India and Central Asia." This method of division does not make sufficiently clear to the "novice or purchaser" the fact of the marked distinction between Persian, Turkish, Caucasian, Turkoman, and Indian carpets. Tables are indispensable to impress such facts, for a running description of different kinds of carpets is very confusing even to a trained mind. The much discussed question of the true origin of Polish carpets is not referred to in the few lines on that subject.

Rights and Wrongs of the Transvaal War. By Edward T. Cook. Longmans, Green & Co. 1901.

The books dealing with South African affairs are now so many as to make us slow to welcome any addition to their number. But on several accounts we are glad that Mr. Cook has brought out this elaborate treatise. As editor of the *Daily News*, it was his duty to inform himself carefully concerning all the particulars of the controversies between the Governments of England and the Transvaal, and to explain to the public every development as it took place. The attitude of the *Daily News* was such as to make it sufficiently critical of the measures of the English Government, and its policy had always been favorable to liberty and humanity. Mr. Cook should therefore be qualified to judge of the merits of the contestants as well as any Englishman, and we can testify that he tries conscientiously to be impartial. In this endeavor, however, he becomes tedious. He justly thinks that dispatches must be set forth at length in order to be clearly understood; but dispatches are unreadable. Hence we cannot commend this book to ordinary readers. They would not do it justice. But historians, and those who like to go to the bottom of a subject, will prize it as a repertory of information, and as a temperate but earnest argument in support of the proposition that Great Britain has, on the whole, been in the right.

Yet we doubt if so elaborate an array of facts is required to maintain this proposition. Mr. Cook dwells on the different ideals, the varying civilizations, of the Boers and the English. He points out the inevitable result of establishing a mining camp in a pastoral community, and shows that Jameson's raid was rather an effect than a cause. But, after all, the fundamental question of right involved is the right of the Transvaal republic to independent existence. If it was rightfully independent, then England had no right to make demands which international law did not sanction. Otherwise, England had a right to make the demands which she did, and the Transvaal Government should have conceded them. But Mr. Cook takes it as settled that the Boers were not of right independent, and thus he has an easy task of it.

A comparatively easy task, we should say; for on his own showing the English diplomacy had a seamy side, and it is hard to decide on the relative blackness of the pot and kettle. The Jameson raid and the course of the English Government in its inquiry, or rather in stopping its inquiry, into it, will seem to the unbiassed mind to justify the Boers in thinking that the overthrow of their Government would please the English. The various proposals made for admitting aliens to citizenship could not fail to alarm those who had this conviction. They were proposals for political suicide; for the aliens outnumbered the Boers. The English were willing to discuss with the Boers the sauce with which they would prefer to be cooked; but the Boers did not wish to be cooked at all. To the ordinary Briton, this is such a wandering from the point as to justify the use of force; but the rest of the world is not so sure of it.

It would be vain for us to attempt to consider severally Mr. Cook's arguments. In spite of his determination to be fair, his bias appears from time to time, and makes him take care that the Dutch dogs get the worst of it. To be free from all prejudice, under the circumstances, would be superhuman, and Mr. Cook is as free as could be expected. He reproduces many of his editorials, which are of excellent quality, and are history in a more assimilable form than the dispatches of the Colonial Office. It must be said, however, that the dispatches of the Transvaal Government are very skilfully prepared, and prove that the Boers were not overmatched in diplomacy. Mr. Cook shows the mischief of Chamberlain's blundering brutality, by letting it speak for itself. Whatever the rights and wrongs of the war, Mr. Chamberlain's action will be one of the wrongs. Mr. Cook has done well to gather and arrange these materials. His book has a full index, and tables of reference to blue-books and dispatches.

Peter Abélard. By Joseph McCabe. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1901.

Mr. McCabe's 'Abélard' is a virile and dramatic piece of biographical composition. Written from a point of view the reverse of Catholic apologetic, informed by an extensive knowledge of the religious and secular literature of Abélard's time, controlled by a peculiarly vivid historical imagination, and lighted here and there by flashes of grim humor, it is an exceptionally satisfactory and stimulating account of one of the most fascinatingly human personalities in the history of mediæval thought. After the Lives by Rémusat, by Deutsch, and by Hausrath, Mr. McCabe pretends to add little to our information concerning the actual facts of Abélard's career, but he does in many cases bring to the recorded fact a new, lively, and consistent interpretation. The romantic unction of manner, which sometimes strikes the reader a little strangely in a work of this class, is certainly to be justified by the consideration that the character depicted was so essentially revolutionary and romantic.

The story of the early life of Abélard is vigorously told. We know him, a youth of noble birth, beautiful and brilliant, talented in music and song-writing, yet a seeker after remote and difficult wisdom; soon to be the most formidable dialectician of a disputing age, and the idolized master of thousands of ragged, brawling scholars. Then comes, in Mr. McCabe's phrase, the "Dead-Sea fruit" of Abelard's life. He meets Héloïse, and the *liaison* which has immortalized them ensues. This familiar but exceedingly delicate episode is retold with much sane analysis and with commendable discretion. There is rather more insistence than usual upon the ethical and intellectual graces of Héloïse's character, and rather less upon that wealth of human passion which has made her almost the elect divinity of a certain sect of romantically inclined persons. Abélard's conduct, likewise, is treated with unusual sympathy. Unfailingly opportunist he undoubtedly was, but Mr. McCabe defends him successfully against the opposing charges of licentiousness and cold, unfeeling calculation; and in the epitome and analysis of the famous letters, without the usual painful emphasis upon the fact and effect of mutilation, makes out an excellent case for the warmth and permanence of Abélard's affection for his wife. The final summary of the character of Héloïse is sufficiently notable to deserve quotation here:

"Cousin once suddenly asked, in the middle of a discourse: 'Who is the woman whose love it would have been sweetest to have shared?' Many names were suggested. . . . But he answered, 'Héloïse, that noble creature who loved like a Saint Theresa, wrote sometimes like Seneca, and who must have been irresistibly charming, since she charmed St. Bernard himself.' It was a fine phrase to deliver impromptu, but an uncritical estimate. It is a characteristic paradox to say that she loved like a Saint Theresa, and an exaggeration to say that she ever wrote like Seneca. As to her charming St. Bernard—the 'pseudo apostle,' as she ungraciously calls him—they who read the one brief letter he wrote her will have a new idea of a charmed man. Yet with her remarkable ability, her forceful and exalted character in the most devitalizing circumstances, and her self-realization, she would probably have written her name in the annals of France without the assistance of Abélard. It must be remembered that she had a very singular reputation for her age before she met Abélard. She might have been a Saint Theresa to Peter of Cluny, or, as is more probable, a Montmorency in the political chronicle of France."

The chapters in Mr. McCabe's book which deal with the love passages in the life of Abélard are likely to find most favor with the wayfaring man; but to any one caring for the history of religious opinion the concluding chapters, treating of Abélard's struggles in the theological arena, are of more momentous interest. Mr. McCabe has not been careful to give much account of Abélard's position in the court of pure philosophic speculation, or much attention to his significance as one of the earliest leaders in educational reform; but of Abélard's tragic struggle on the treacherous field of dogmatic theology, he presents an instructive and profoundly moving narrative. It is a matchless instance of the irony of events that, some centuries after Peter Abélard the heretic had been driven to the wall by Pope and Curia at the impulsion of pious St. Bernard, the doctrines for which he stood should have become not only the core of most larger faiths, but actually incorporated in the teaching of the Church by

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which he was persecuted. As Mr. McCabe cautiously insists, there is little documentary evidence of the literary influence of Abélard upon the theological developments which followed not long after his death. But when one recalls his thousands of eager pupils, among them reformers like Arnold of Brescia, teachers like Bernard Sylvester of Chartres and Gilbert de la Poirée, even Pope Alexander III. himself, it seems hard to overestimate Abélard's actual oral influence. The chief advocate of the rationalization of theology before Roger Bacon, he certainly encouraged many more independent minds to hale to the court of reason doctrines up to that time held to be exempt from its law. As Mr. McCabe modestly concludes:

"He had no particle of the political ability of Luther. But, such as he is, gifted with a penetrating mind, and led by a humanist ideal that touched few of his contemporaries, pathetically irresolute, and failing because the fates had made him the hero of a great drama and denied him the hero's strength, he deserves at least to be drawn forth from the too deep shadow of a crude and unsympathetic tradition."

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Abbott, Lyman. The Rights of Man. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Bowker, R. R. Of Business. (The Arts of Life.) Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 50 cents.
Chenery, Susan. As the Twig is Bent. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.
Daskam, Josephine Dodge. The Imp and the Angel. Scribners. $1.10.
Farquharson, A. C. St. Nazarius. Macmillan. $1.50.
Howells, W. D. Heroines of Fiction. 2 vols. Harpers. $3.75.
Jefferson, C. E. Doctrine and Deed. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. $1.50.
Lefèvre, Edwin. Wall Street Stories. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.25.
May, Joseph. The Miracles and Myths of the New Testament. Boston: George H. Ellis. $1.
Meakin, Annette M. B. A Ribbon of Iron. London: Archibald Constable & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $2.
Nesbit, E. Nine Unlikely Tales for Children. E. P. Dutton & Co. $1.50.
Pratt, E. H. The Composite Man. New ed. Chicago: Published by the Author.
Rhees, W. J. The Smithsonian Institution. 2 vols. Washington: Government Printing Office.
Spalding, J. L. God and the Soul. The Grafton Press.
Spearman, F. H. Held for Orders. McClure, Phillips & Co. $1.50.
Starr, Louis. Diseases of the Digestive Organs in Infancy and Childhood. Philadelphia: P. Blakiston's Son & Co. $3.
Thackeray, W. M. Vanity Fair. 3 vols. London: J. M. Dent & Co.; New York: Macmillan.
The Garden of a Commuter's Wife. Recorded by the Gardener. Macmillan. $1.50.
The Lark Classics. 8 vols. New ed. Doxey's.
"Thormanby." Kings of the Rod, Rifle, and Gun. 2 vols. London: Hutchinson & Co.; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. $7.
Twitchell, H. Beautiful Women in Art. 2 vols. Boston: L. C. Page & Co. $4.
Weedon, L. L. Bible Stories. London: Ernest Nister; New York: E. P. Dutton & Co.
What is Worth While Series: (1) Hoar, G. F. Conditions of Success in Public Life; (2) Trent, W. P. War and Civilization; (3) Miller, J. R. How, When, Where? Thomas Y. Crowell & Co. 35 cents each.
Wiggin, Kate Douglas. A Cathedral Courtship. New ed. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.50.
Windle, B. C. A. The Wessex of Thomas Hardy. John Lane. $6.

A MANUAL OF THE FLORA OF THE NORTHERN STATES AND CANADA. By Prof. N. L. BRITTON, *Director of the New York Botanical Garden.* 1080 pp. 8vo. $2.25 *Ed. net.*

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